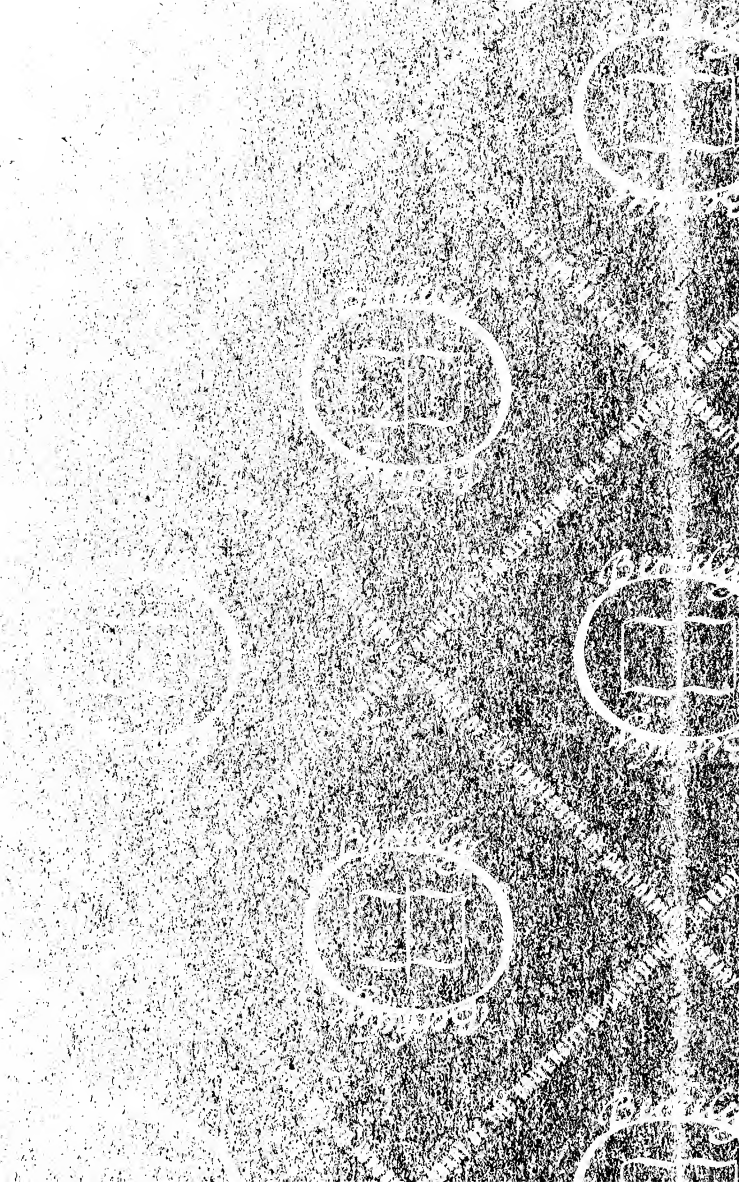


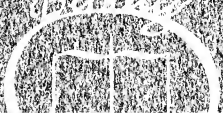
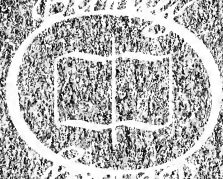
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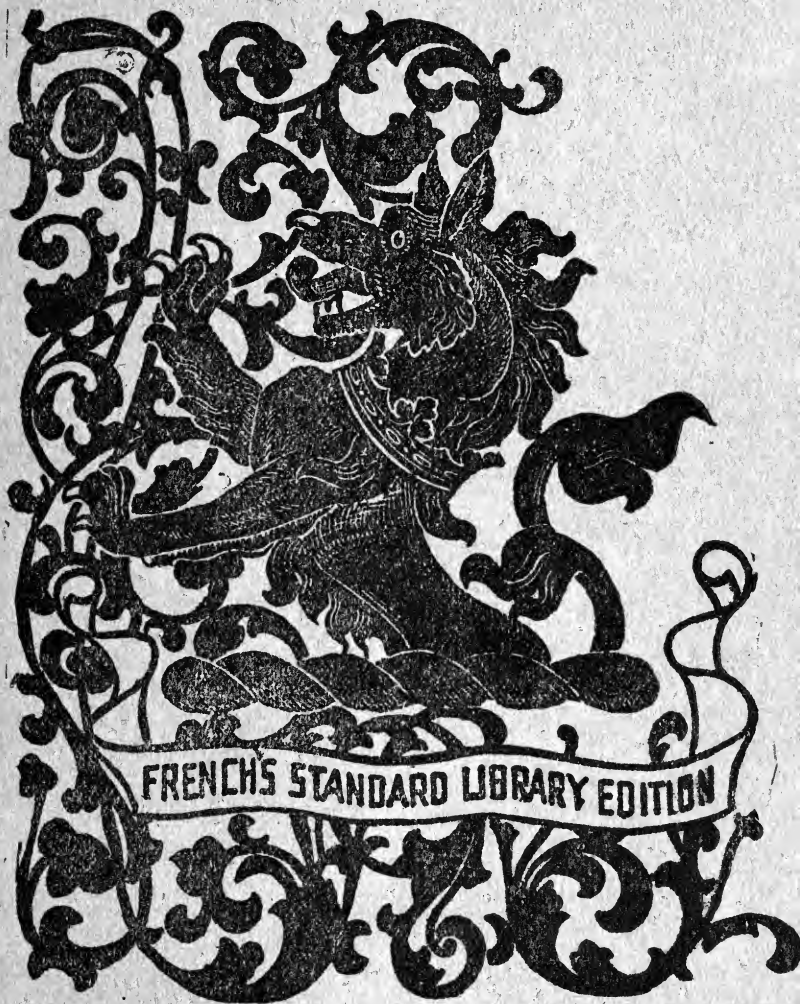
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DEAR ME

By LUTHER REED and HALE HAMILTON



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SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th Street, New York City
New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed
Free on Request

DEAR ME

(or APRIL CHANGES)

AN OPTIMISTIC COMEDY
IN THREE ACTS

BY
LUTHER REED AND HALE HAMILTON

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1922

JOHN GOLDEN
presents
Grace LaRue and Hale Hamilton
in
"DEAR ME"
(or April Changes)
AN OPTIMISTIC COMEDY
by

LUTHER REED and HALE HAMILTON
As presented at the Republic Theatre, New York,
January 17, 1921

APRIL BLAIR	Grace LaRue
ANTHONY TURNER	James G. Morton
EDGAR CRAIG	Hale Hamilton
HERBERT LAWTON	George N. Price
MANNY SIEBOLD	Robert Lowe
CLARENCE	T. Kodama
DUDLEY QUAIL	Baker Moore
MAID	Eula Guy
WILBUR OGLEVIE	J. K. Hutchinson
SHELLY WILLIS	Albert Mattison
ROBERT JACKSON	George Spelvin
GORDON PECK	Mart E. Heisey
JOSEPH RENARD	Robert Fischer
MRS. CARNEY	Camilla Crume

SYNOPSIS

ACT. I—*The Amos Prentice Home for Artistic and Literary Failures.*
ACT II—*Home of CRAIG and RENARD in New York City, one year later.*
ACT III—*Scene 1—APRIL's Dressing-room.*
Scene 2—PRENTICE's Apartment, New York City.
Accompanist to Miss LaRue, Joseph M. Daily.
Kimball Piano Used.
Staged by Hale Hamilton.
Gowns Worn by Miss LaRue from Harry Collins.
Production Designed by Wade Douglas.
Scenery constructed by the Vail Construction Co. and painted by the Physioc Studios, New York.

EXECUTIVE STAFF FOR JOHN GOLDEN

A. H. Canby.....	Manager
P. E. McCoy.....	General Stage Director
Mart E. Heisey	Stage Manager

CHARACTERS

(In the order of which they speak)

WILBUR OGLEVIE
SHELLY WILLIS
ROBERT JACKSON
GORDON PECK
JOSEPH RENARD
MRS. CARNEY
APRIL BLAIR
ANTHONY TURNER
EDGAR CRAIG
HERBERT LAWTON
MANNY BEAN
CLARENCE
DUDLEY QUAIL
MAID

SYNOPSIS

- ACT I—*The Amos Prentice Home for Artistic and Literary Failures.*
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Scene 2—PRENTICE'S apartment, New York City.

DEAR ME

ACT I

If you walk four miles out the main road from a nameless but characteristic little New York State town, you will come to something that looks like a mediocre farm. But it isn't a farm at all, as closer inspection will reveal. There is no thriftiness whatsoever about the fields, and what is left of the orchards fails utterly to command respect. The house seems to be on the verge of final decay also.

This feeling does not come so much from the physical aspect of the place, which is fairly fit, but from the atmosphere. If one were a failure, it would be a wonderful place to spend the remaining days. It gives that sort of a feeling because—it is that sort of a place.

A closer inspection of the tarnished brass plate at the gate post reveals this legend:

THE PRENTICE HOME FOR LITERARY
AND ARTISTIC FAILURES.

and there is no "Welcome" written below to add an ironical touch.

Nor is there any welcome in the large downstairs room of the house which serves for library,

living and dining-room to the unfortunate inmates of the Home.

As the curtain rises, this room is serving as the dining-room, and even the soft Spring air and the slanting rays of the setting sun cannot brighten up the chill of the room. Nor does this lustrous moment of the late May evening seem to cheer the elderly wrecks who are stuffing themselves with food which is equally meager in quality and quantity.

Around the table sit—we shall begin with the plump-est one, who is by the same token the noisiest—OGLEVIE, WILLIS, LAWTON, TURNER, PECK and MANNY BEAN, who they are and what they have been is not to be explained here, for they do that themselves in their own manner.

But something of the room. If we entered from the yard, we would come in through a large window, just outside of which sits a measly box of struggling geraniums. Standing there and looking across the room, we would see, on our left, a fireplace, in which no fire has ever burned. Over the mantelpiece, a picture of a benign old gentleman about whom is every aspect of success. Further on, past the fireplace, a swing door leads to the kitchen. On the opposite wall an old-fashioned sideboard leaning heavily between the corner and the stairway that creaks nightly under the weight of the old gentlemen going to bed.

On our right is a newspaper rack, loaded with charity newspapers, which means that none bears a date later than a month ago.

In the centre of the room is the table, loaded with heavy crockery that is light in food. The chairs, as well as the rest of the furniture, are of the "horsehair" period.

When the sun has ceased to illumine, the Prentice Home depends on gas.

The "inmates," for they even refer to themselves as that, eat without lost motion or conversation—then one of their number, one who is usually palid and frail, coughs. His companions glare relentlessly and take no notice of the look of apology he gives. Especially resentful is OGLEVIE. But it is no use. LAWTON coughs again and this precipitates us into the beginning of our play, for OGLEVIE dashes his napkin down among the rick-ribbed crockery and rises, stuttering in his anger. And he says:

OGLEVIE. Gentlemen, I rise to ask: Is this a home for failures or a sanitarium?

PECK. Now, be reasonable, old man; he can't help it.

OGLEVIE. And I can't help listening. As the one real failure among you, I ask you: do I have to stand that?

LAWTON. I beg your pardon—I'm sorry!

OGLEVIE. (*Sits*) Well, then, all right!

(LAWTON coughs again, and OGLEVIE begins to froth and boil, but TURNER and PECK quiet him down, and they begin to eat again. RENARD enters R. with his old violin, same being wrapped in an old piece of flannel. He stops in doorway, looks at the diners, and bows slightly.)

RENARD. Gentlemen——

PECK. Where have you been?

RENARD. I didn't know I was late.

BEAN. Supper's most over!

LAWTON. Mrs. Carney thought something had happened to you.

RENARD. Really? Well, something has!

SEVERAL. Yes? What is it? Tell us, etc.

RENARD. (*Pauses slowly*) You would not find it interesting. (*Goes up to put his fiddle on the mantel.*)

OGLEVIE. Ha! He's been taking his fiddle out for an airing!

RENARD. (*Turning quickly*) You are right, sir. I try my violin to-day for the first time since—since I come here.

BEAN. (*Great interest*) You can play again?

RENARD. (*Shakes head*) No, but scrape a little—more than I ever thought I'd be able to do!

PECK. Well, say! That's wonderful!

RENARD. (*Sitting*) Yes, and it would never have been but for April—what I owe to that dear child!

OGLEVIE. Ha, dear child! If the *dear child* would look after waiting on table and not——

PECK. And pay a little attention——

RENARD. (*Quickly*) Sh—h——

LAWTON. Mrs. Carney!

(MRS. CARNEY *enters. She is a pompous, aggressive matron, who is always annoyed, and from the standpoint of "failures," is probably more eligible for the Home, of which she is the resident manager, than any of the inmates.*)

MRS. CARNEY. (*Comes down to the table, gives a quick glance about*) Everything all right?

OGLEVIE. (*Rises, swells up, as he puts down his napkin*) I thought I might suggest . . .

MRS. CARNEY. Is *everything* all right?

OGLEVIE. (*As he subsides, crestfallen*) Perfectly! Except . . .

MRS. CARNEY. Except what?

OGLEVIE. Except—we have no one to wait on us!

MRS. CARNEY. (*Looking around*) Where's April?



OGLEVIE. (*Looking at RENARD sarcastically*)
The "dear child" hasn't honored us with her presence since we sat down.

MRS. CARNEY. (*Angry*) *What?*

BEAN. (*Excusing her*) She's looking out for our new arrival, I think.

MRS. CARNEY. The new man—is *here?*

BEAN. Yes, he came while we were all out on our walk. No one's seen him except April.

LAWTON. She said something about serving his supper in his room.

MRS. CARNEY. Supper in his *room?* We'll see about supper in his room mighty quick! (*Starts out toward the kitchen.*)

(*APRIL enters with tray. The door closes after her. As she gets to second step down L., MRS. CARNEY speaks very sharply.*)

MRS. CARNEY. Where are you going with that tray?

APRIL. The new gentleman's supper; I said I'd take it up to him.

MRS. CARNEY. Oh, you did! Put that tray down!

(*APRIL goes up L. and puts down tray.*)

MRS. CARNEY. Now you attend to this table—do you hear?

(*APRIL looks at table a minute; then goes L., gets water-pitcher, fills PECK'S and BEAN'S glasses, then puts water-pitcher on table up L., and then lights two lamps.*)

MRS. CARNEY. (*Goes to stairs and calls*) *Mr. Craig!* You will kindly come down to the dining-

room at once! (*Turns on APRIL.*) Put his supper over there! (*Turns to men, and, without more than taking breath*) And I hope, gentlemen, that having failed at everything else, you will try to succeed at being polite and considerate to the new guest! (*Exits into kitchen.*)

(*APRIL gets chair, and makes a place at end of table for CRAIG; bus. with tray, etc.*)

OGLEVIE. Anyway, gentlemen, we have one thing to be thankful for—this Home does not admit lady failures.

BEAN. Women never admit their failures!

OGLEVIE. You are right there, Manny; when a woman doesn't get everything she wants, she just reaches out—grabs one of the struggling male specie, and like the coward she is, marries him, and he has a Home for little failures of his own to support. (*Sees APRIL.*) *I want my coffee!*

(*MRS. CARNEY enters.*)

MRS. CARNEY. What do you want?

APRIL. Coffee!

OGLEVIE. (*To MRS. CARNEY*) If it isn't too much trouble!

MRS. CARNEY. (*Glares at him*) Get this old man his coffee—and be quick about it!

(*APRIL exits with OGLEVIE'S cup up L. Enter CRAIG. He stops on stairs. MRS. CARNEY turns and looks at him angrily; she is surprised at his youthful appearance and stands taking him in curiously. Those at the table look at him with interest.*)

CRAIG. (*Looks at Mrs. CARNEY with a half-smile*) Mrs. Carney?

MRS. CARNEY. I am Mrs. Carney—yes!

CRAIG. You—er—you sent for me?

MRS. CARNEY. No—I called for you. (*The men at the table laugh at this remark.*)

CRAIG. I see.

MRS. CARNEY. You are half an hour late for supper, Mr. Craig; the others have nearly finished.

CRAIG. I'm sorry—I expected to—— (*Points up-stairs.*)

MRS. CARNEY. Meals here are served in the dining-room, except in cases of illness.

CRAIG. I see.

MRS. CARNEY. You are not *ill*, I trust?

CRAIG. No, thanks—not particularly!

MRS. CARNEY. I'll trouble you for your card!

CRAIG. (*Feeling in various pockets*) I fear I haven't one with me.

MRS. CARNEY. You should have!

CRAIG. Oh, should I?

MRS. CARNEY. Each failure is given a card—when the Trustees have decided that he is worthy of admission——

CRAIG. Oh, *that* card? I didn't understand. (*Takes card from pocket.*) Allow me!

MRS. CARNEY. (*Taking card from him*) Thanks!

(OGLEVIE *puts on his glasses, turns in chair and tries to see what is written on card.*)

MRS. CARNEY. (*Reads*) “Edgar Craig, born New York City, 1882. Six feet; one hundred and seventy-nine; light brown; failed at——” (*Looks downward—pushes card under OGLEVIE'S nose—he turns sheepishly and starts eating.*) “Signed: James B. Smythe, Secretary.” It seems to be all right. Wel-

come to the Home! Your place at the table is there.
(*Points to end of table.*)

CRAIG. (*Interrupting*) Do I have a number?

MRS. CARNEY. This is Mr. Oglevie; he will make you acquainted with the other *old* men! (*Sweeps out of the room, up the stairs.*)

OGLEVIE. (*Looking after MRS. CARNEY; rises*) As the senior resident here, Mr. Craig, it is my custom, upon welcoming a new guest, to first introduce him to *that glorious old gentleman!* (*Goes up c.*)—the founder of this Home—*Amos Prentice!*

(CRAIG *starts to sit, but rises as OGLEVIE starts to talk; again takes piece of bread with him.*)

OGLEVIE. His son, Edgar Prentice, went to Paris to study Art, but failed and vanished. The old gentleman never heard from him again, and died, leaving this memorial to his son as a haven for others who had failed in the artistic and literary world. They—(CRAIG *sits.*)—have placed here, beneath the portrait, a tablet. (*Goes up to mantel at back.*) If you please, Mr. Craig!

CRAIG. (*Rises, goes up to mantel at back, reads*) "In memory of my son: No man who ever tried is a failure in his own heart, and to such men belong a better fate than my son suffered."

OGLEVIE. I should like to further explain——

CRAIG. Thank you, but Mr. Smythe explained everything to me thoroughly. (*Comes down to L.*)

OGLEVIE. Oh . . . (*Comes down to L. end of table*) Then let me present Mr. Willis, who was a very successful sign painter, but failed after a disastrous career as a——

WILLIS. A *portraiteur!*

OGLEVIE. One who paints portraits, but does not *necessarily* sell them. And Mr. Turner, who has several trunks full of unpublished manuscripts——

his sole legacy to the world! (TURNER *rises and bows.*) Mr. Lawton—but Mr. Lawton can best explain himself!

LAWTON. (*Rises*) Have you ever been in Reliance, Ohio, Mr. Craig?

CRAIG. That is a pleasure so far denied me!

LAWTON. In a remote park stands my one and only statue. I felt convinced that it was a genuine work of art, but the Committee on City Decorations disagreed with me—and——

OGLEVIE. It was upon their recommendation that he obtained admission to this Home.

LAWTON. But, Mr. Craig, my heart is buried in that statue!

OGLEVIE. *This* is Mr. Peck. Mr. Peck is not a failure in any special line—he has failed successfully at everything.

PECK. (*Rises*) I am an architect, Mr. Craig; it is the greatest art of them all—— (*Movement from others.*)

OGLEVIE. (*Interrupting*) All the arts are represented among us, even the theatre. Here we have Mr. Manny Bean——

BEAN. (*Rises*) Who built a little theatre for artistic and literary plays; you know, high-brow stuff. I thought I knew more about what the public wanted than they did themselves; you see, I was mistaken. (*He bows to OGLEVIE, who takes up the conversation.*)

OGLEVIE. And Joseph Renard——

RENARD. No, never mind—*please!* (*Rises.*) Some day I tell Mr. Craig. (*Pulls out chair at R. end of table.*)

OGLEVIE. As you please. (*Comes down to L. end of table.*) And now my most painful duty—to explain *myself!* (*Very pompous.*) I was a poet, Mr. Craig—a writer of verse—and I failed. But it was *not* that which brought me among these *derelects*:

my failure, I might say my colossal failure, was—*matrimony!* I married a woman for her money and *never got a cent!*

(*Enter APRIL U.L. with tray and six cups of coffee; puts tray on table at back and hurries to OGLEVIE, giving him his cup.*)

OGLEVIE. (*Goes up L. of APRIL*) Ah! One moment! Just one more introduction, Mr. Craig, before I've finished. You now have before you the Home's most magnificent failure—— (*Holds up cup.*) *The coffee!* (*Sips the coffee.*) My God! This stuff is not coffee—it's mud!

APRIL. I'll get you another cup if it will keep you quiet!

OGLEVIE. And bring a saucer.

APRIL. Try drinking it out of the cup once! (*Exits with cup. All laugh, CRAIG laughing first and loudest.*)

OGLEVIE. When I go raving mad, thank her!

RENARD. (*Sincerely*) We should all thank her, Mr. Oglevie—thank her every day of our lives—not one of us but is made more comfortable and contented here by her thought and consideration!

OGLEVIE. Thank her? For her incompetency—her impertinence? (*All except BEAN, CRAIG and RENARD agree with OGLEVIE; they say, "He's right"—"She is fresh"—"Yes, and lazy, too," etc. Continuing*) Let me warn you, Mr. Craig, never allow that girl to become familiar; keep her in her place or she'll make your life miserable.

CRAIG. No, she won't. Mr. Oglevie, I've done that for myself. And might I ask how many servants do we have in our little home?

RENARD. She is the only one, Mr. Craig.

CRAIG. What! *To do everything?*

RENARD. Everything! Mrs. Carney—she only

gives orders; April—she do it all; she works like a slave, and she gets nothing for it—*nothing but abuse!*

CRAIG. Well, what does she do it for? Why does she stand it?

RENARD. Her father died here, Mr. Craig; he had been a great thinker—a philosopher. When he was old and broken he was taken into this Home, and April allowed to come with him; and for that she thinks she owes them a great debt!

(Enter APRIL.)

CRAIG. Oh, I see.

APRIL. *(Has a cup of coffee; she takes it to OGLEVIE.)* I have plenty of fresh coffee now! *(Giving him small milk pitcher.)* Would you like another cup, Joe? *(Above the table, looking about, takes PECK'S plate up.)*

RENARD. No, no, thank you!

(APRIL catches sight of CRAIG, who is looking at her intently. She pauses, keeping her eyes on his, then speaks a little shyly.)

APRIL. Would you, sir?

CRAIG. No—this is fine, thank you!

APRIL. *(Goes above him to newspaper rack, speaks as she goes in rather low tone.)* I'm sorry I couldn't bring your supper up.

CRAIG. I'm glad you couldn't. I'd never have suggested it if I'd known how much you had to do!

(APRIL, whose back is to CRAIG, turns with surprise and looks at him—is about to speak—doesn't—smiles at him and turns back to paper file—no suggestion of flirting in the smile.)

CRAIG. (*After she's turned away*) Have you had your supper yet?

APRIL. Oh, I don't— (*Turns to reply.*)

LAWTON. (*Breaks in—loud voice*) See here, April, *why* the deuce do you—

CRAIG. *Why* the deuce do you interrupt when we're talking, Mr. Reliance?

LAWTON. My name is *Lawton*—Reliance is the place where my statue is standing.

RENARD. (*To LAWTON*) Mr. Craig is right—you should never interrupt a man when he is talking to a young lady—especially if she is a pretty young lady!

LAWTON. April—pretty? Good Heavens!

RENARD. You do not think she is pretty?

LAWTON. No!

CRAIG. (*Looking at LAWTON*) Now I *know* your statue is rotten! (*BEAN and RENARD laugh. The others resent CRAIG's words.*)

RENARD. (*Laughing*) Good, Mr. Craig!

LAWTON. I heard her again yesterday talking to you, Renard.

OGLEVIE. Yes—Renard—she's always talking to you!

TURNER. "You're wonderful," she told him—"wonderful"—and "Oh, how I wish you and I were out there in the free, fighting world."

OGLEVIE. Ha! ha! The world! As if the world wouldn't gobble her up in an instant. The world that has crushed such spirits as *ours*, gentlemen!

CRAIG. Well, at least, she isn't crushed yet!

OGLEVIE. I don't get your meaning, Mr. Craig!

CRAIG. I mean Miss April isn't here because she is a failure. We've had our chance; her little campaign against those millions out there hasn't even started!

RENARD. Bravo! I like such talk. Like to fill my lungs with it—like the fresh air. Why can't you

all have a little consideration? Think—think what she has to do!

OGLEVIE. *Has to do?* Look! (*Points to APRIL. All turn and see APRIL going up stage, carrying her box of geraniums; she is evidently on her way to the kitchen.*)

PECK. Ha! Her geraniums! (*All laugh.*)

(*APRIL puts the geraniums on top of tray up L., gets water from L. and waters them.*)

OGLEVIE. Exactly—geraniums! The all-important task of her life is to bother and fuss with those damned geraniums!

CRAIG. (*Rising*) If the latest failure to be added to this little delightful circle may be permitted to express his opinion . . .

APRIL. Please, Mr. Craig! I don't mind what they say.

CRAIG. Oh!

RENARD. April is right, Mr. Craig; you will soon learn that it is useless to waste your temper on these remnants!

OGLEVIE. (*Ignoring RENARD*) You were about to offer an opinion, Mr. Craig?

CRAIG. Well, I was going to say that it's always been my opinion that the lowest form of failure was the man who tried to be a gentleman and didn't succeed. But I've found there's one variety lower—and that's the man who doesn't even try! (*APRIL serves RENARD and CRAIG dessert.*) April, would you be kind enough to tell Mrs. Carney that I'd like to see her a moment, if it's convenient.

APRIL. Why, yes, sir, certainly. (*She goes upstairs. There is an ominous silence for a second. OGLEVIE appears about to speak, when CRAIG brightly proceeds.*)

CRAIG. Now that we are alone, gentlemen . . .

(Takes out envelope.) I have here a letter that the Trustees asked me to deliver to you.

OGLEVIE. A letter for us?

CRAIG. I understood it was in answer to a "round robin" that you gentlemen had sent to the Trustees, complaining of Mrs. Carney and her supervision of the Home.

ALL. Oh, our round robin! The answer is here, at least! What does it say, etc.

OGLEVIE. I wrote the round robin, Mr. Craig!

PECK. And we all signed it.

RENARD. No, not all—I did not sign it! I have no complaint. For every mouthful of food, for this roof over me and my violin, I am grateful to that old man. *(He gets his hat and fiddle.)*

CRAIG. You don't care to hear this letter, then?

RENARD. It has nothing to do with me, Mr. Craig. And I must go to the Post Office—it is most important—April expects a letter. *(Looks at others in disgust.)*

OGLEVIE. But Joe! Joe!

RENARD. Oh, you meddlers—you with your letters and your complaints! *(Exits.)*

OGLEVIE. You may give me the letter, Mr. Craig. May I ask what you are waiting for?

CRAIG. *(Sweetly)* For Mrs. Carney! *(All show fear and rise from table.)*

OGLEVIE. Mrs. Carney! Good Heavens! You're not going to show that letter to her?

CRAIG. *(Still sweetly)* Oh, yes. When the Trustees gave me my credentials, they told me to deliver this reply and wished it read to you in Mrs. Carney's presence.

LAWTON. I think I'll go to the Post Office too!

PECK. I'll go with you.

OGLEVIE. Wait—we'll all go!

(MRS. CARNEY *enters from stairs; wears hat and coat; carries umbrella.*)

MRS. CARNEY. *Well! (They all stop.)* What's wrong now?

CRAIG. I have here a letter from the Trustees, which they thought might interest you.

(APRIL *enters from stairs, stops and stands listening.*)

CRAIG. (*Reads letter*) "Gentlemen of the Prentice Home: The Trustees have given careful consideration to your round robin, and its complaint of and against Mrs. Carney. Mrs. Carney came highly recommended, and your statement that she must have come from some *Penal Institution* is entirely without foundation. Her administration has been careful, conscientious and economical. The Trustees hope that these small differences will be adjusted, in order that the home shall be what its founder intended—a *haven* for men who have failed at a high calling. It is not befitting gentlemen of the calibre admitted to the Prentice Home to refer to Mrs. Carney as an "aged harpy." (*All the men gather around OGLEVIE in fear. He reassures them that he will fix it with MRS. CARNEY.*)

MRS. CARNEY. *Ingrates! (They all slink back a little.)* Who *could* work for such a lot of old fossils without becoming a—a harpy? A letter of complaint against me! This is my reward for all I have done for you—for all my little kindnesses . . .

OGLEVIE. Kindnesses? Mrs. Carney . . .

MRS. CARNEY. Yes—everything that April does for you is something I've thought of and told her to do!

APRIL. (*Before she realizes what she's doing, not too loud*) Oh!

(MRS. CARNEY turns, notices she is in the room. APRIL quickly goes up stage, as MRS. CARNEY glares at her.)

OGLEVIE. Surely it wasn't you who told her not to wait on the table to-night?

MRS. CARNEY. No—but did you complain of *her* in your letter?

OGLEVIE. No, but—er—we——

MRS. CARNEY. No! Very likely she was in league with you.

OGLEVIE. Mrs. Carney, I——

(The others are slowly disappearing.)

MRS. CARNEY. *Well! (Going toward him.)*

OGLEVIE. I speak for these gentlemen when I say—— *(He turns, sees they have all gone—turns back.)* Excuse me! *(Exits.)*

MRS. CARNEY. *(Returning to APRIL)* See here, young woman, I'm not going to be blamed because you neglect your work.

APRIL. What work have I neglected?

MRS. CARNEY. Don't be impertinent—spending half your time around that fiddler—holding his hand.

APRIL. *(Angry)* Oh! I only rub his wrist—where it was hurt!

MRS. CARNEY. Don't talk back! And no more meals in rooms without *my* orders! And now I'm going to the village; and I want to find this room cleared and your kitchen work done up by the time I get back; so be lively. Start! *(APRIL begins work around the room. MRS. CARNEY goes to doorway, turns, glances at CRAIG, speaks frigidly)* Good night, Mr. Craig!

CRAIG. *(Looking up, speaking sweetly)* Eh? Oh, good night, dear Mrs. Carney! *(MRS. CARNEY glances at him in surprise, turns and exits.)*

(After a pause, when CRAIG and APRIL are left alone, during which CRAIG is thinking of the scolding she has had for trying to bring up his supper, and APRIL is beginning to get the room to rights she looks up at him and suddenly speaks, as CRAIG drinks coffee.)

APRIL. *(Putting napkin in ring)* If your coffee's cold, I'll warm it.

CRAIG. *(Glances at her a moment, then smiles)* I like it cold. *(Lowers his head to cup.)*

APRIL. Sort of getting in training, eh? *(Goes on with her work. After sweeping a moment, she stops, looks front, thinking, then begins work—then stops, thinking again, and looks at CRAIG.)* Mr. Craig.

CRAIG. Yes?

APRIL. *(Goes to c.)* Just what is a—*a harpy?*

CRAIG. *(Assumed seriousness)* A harpy was an ancient sort of an animal with the body of a bird and the head of a woman.

APRIL. *(Taking napkins to sideboard)* Is *that* all they called her?

CRAIG. *(Laughing suddenly)* What do you call her?

APRIL. I don't call her anything, but if I did I'd find something better than "harpy." *(Slight pause.)*

CRAIG. *(Looking at APRIL)* You know, it's a shame to have her talk to you that way.

APRIL. Oh, I don't care!

CRAIG. *(Smiles, swings chair around toward table)* You know, it was all my fault—asking you to serve my supper upstairs.

APRIL. *(Not knowing what to say)* Oh, that's all right. *(Pause.)* You'll find that chair more comfortable. *(Points to easy chair. Picks up magazines and puts them on hat-rack.)*

CRAIG. *(Rising)* Thanks! *(He walks around*

above the table, sees box of geraniums.) Nice, aren't they? (He goes to chair and sits down L.)

APRIL. Do you like flowers?

CRAIG. I like *those*!

APRIL. *(Takes three glasses to sideboard; comes back to table, puts end of cloth up, goes and gets box and places it on the table.)* They were failures when I brought them here.

CRAIG. They certainly look successful now!

APRIL. All they needed was someone to care for them. Why, I've dug around them with my fingers—I watered them and I put them in the sun . . .

CRAIG. That's fine! And Renard's hand—what did you do to that?

APRIL. *(Puts down the box)* I'll show you! *(Takes his hand.)* Just like that . . . *(Bus. with CRAIG'S hand. CRAIG, mystified, watches her.)* And it won't be long before he's the great Joseph Renard again! *(Picks up geranium box and puts it on L. end of the table.)* And he'll always think of me and thank me—he *told* me he would—that will be my reward.

CRAIG. What was it—paralysis?

APRIL. Didn't they tell you—at the table?

CRAIG. No—he wouldn't let them.

APRIL. He's proud—but he wouldn't mind if I told you. You see, Joe—I'm kind-a tired . . . *(Takes chair and sits L. front of table.)* Joe was born and brought up to play the violin—he couldn't do anything else. Why, when he was only twelve years old he played before all the kings and things in Europe, and when he was twenty he'd played every place in the world but America—and he's told me what success in America would have meant to him. It was his dream to play in New York—at the Carnegie Library. Finally, his chance came; the night before he was to appear, some friends gave him a dinner; they stood him on the table to drink

to his success, and then something happened; the table wasn't strong—and when they picked Joe up from all the broken glass on the floor, his wrist, Mr. Craig . . . (*Shows CRAIG her wrist.*) All the tendons were cut. And the greatest violinist Europe ever sent to America was ruined! *That's* what the papers said. Have you finished?

CRAIG. Yes, thank you!

APRIL. (*Takes his cup, continuing as she gets busy about the table*) I've seen the articles in his scrap book; he'll show it to you, if you ask him, but not when the others are around—they make fun of him!

CRAIG. It's a shame! I'm sorry!

APRIL. Don't be sorry! It isn't sympathy he wants—but friendship! Try to like him, Mr. Craig! He's *real*—he's worth it!

CRAIG. Like him? I did the moment I saw him!

APRIL. (*Takes tray from small table and puts knives and forks on it*) That's fine! You like Joe—and I like Joe—and I like you—and Joe likes—me. So we're sort of a—you know—where three people like each other . . .

CRAIG. Well—a *trinity*!

APRIL. (*Stops working and looks at him*) Did you understand all I said?

CRAIG. Yes.

APRIL. Then—it's a—a trinity. (*Starts clearing off table again, places chair L. in front of table at L. end of table.*)

CRAIG. You've been kind enough to say you liked me, but are you sure Joe will?

APRIL. Sure! Who I like, Joe likes! What I like, Joe likes! Before you came, we were a *two-nity*! (*Starts working again piling plates.*) But we've stuck together, Mr. Craig, because it's hard here for Joe sometimes, mighty hard, especially when

he gets blue and discouraged, and think's he'll never get a chance to go back again.

CRAIG. When he gets that way, April, just tell him:

"No star was ever lost that once was seen,

We still all may be what me might have been."

APRIL. (*Stops working*) Say that last part again!

CRAIG. "We still all may be what we might have been."

APRIL. Do you believe that?

CRAIG. (*Forgetting for the moment to be non-enthusiastic*) I certainly do!

APRIL. Then, what are you doing here?

CRAIG. I—why—I'm a failure.

APRIL. At what?

CRAIG. (*After a pause*) Life!

APRIL. I don't believe that—tell me—I'll understand.

CRAIG. I see—you want to put me in with Joe and the geraniums?

APRIL. Now you're making fun of me . . .

CRAIG. No, I'm not!

APRIL. What did you do before you came here?

CRAIG. Nothing.

APRIL. You *must* have tried something and failed—to get in here.

CRAIG. (*Rises, heads her off*) Would you *really* like to know?

APRIL. Yes, I would.

CRAIG. I tried to write a play.

APRIL. No!

CRAIG. You're right—no! But I tried—Have you ever been in New York?

APRIL. No.

CRAIG. Then you've never walked down Broadway just at theatre time! I wanted to be the idol of that Alley of Ambition. I wanted to see my name in

electric lights—and hear people whisper, “There—there goes Edgar Craig, the great playwright!”

APRIL. Didn't they ever whisper?

CRAIG. If they did I never heard them. I tried to accomplish something worth while. I tried, and I tried and I tried, but nobody cared—after a time I didn't care—and I was a failure at—*happiness!*

APRIL. Didn't you ever love anybody?

CRAIG. No—I can't even blame it on a woman.

APRIL. (*Puts knives and forks down*) Oh, I didn't mean that kind of love! I mean—the kind of love that makes you want to do something for somebody else; the kind of love that makes you happy when somebody else is getting ahead, even if you're not! People who know that kind of love aren't unhappy—they don't fail—they can't! (*Gets plates and puts them in tray.*)

CRAIG. It seems to me you ought to open an office—a sort of consulting surgeon to failures!

APRIL. (*During the following speech she places tray with knives and forks on R. end of table, places three chairs back of table against fireplace.*) I could—I've had enough experience here. While I've been washing the dishes and sweeping the floors, I've figured it all out—I could tell a lot of people, but who'd come to consult me?

CRAIG. I would!

APRIL. You would?

CRAIG. Certainly!

APRIL. (*Adjusting chairs*) Dr. April Blair's office is now open. Hours, when Mrs. Carney isn't around! (*CRAIG knocks on imaginary door, opens it, enters and closes it, takes off imaginary hat.*) Come in!

CRAIG. Good morning, Doctor.

APRIL. (*Assumes a professional air, and stares coolly at CRAIG*) You wish to consult me?

CRAIG. Yes. I'm a failure!

APRIL. Do you wish to be cured?

CRAIG. I failed because——

APRIL. I don't waste time with patients who glory in their shame.

CRAIG. Yes—I wish to be cured.

APRIL. (*She takes imaginary hat*) Your hat. Be seated, please.

CRAIG. (*Sits*) All ready.

APRIL. How old are you?

CRAIG. (*Hesitating*) Thirty-nine.

APRIL. Married?

CRAIG. Single.

APRIL. Any brothers or sisters?

CRAIG. None.

APRIL. Mr. Craig, did you ever send any flowers to a Hospital? (CRAIG *nods* "Yes.") For the poorest, the sickest, the loneliest person there?

CRAIG. Well, no, I have never done that.

APRIL. Now tell me, did you ever do something for somebody else and never let it be known to a single living soul outside of yourself?

CRAIG. No, I never thought of it.

APRIL. That's it—you're selfish, Mr. Craig! Now, some people fail at things they are not qualified to do; but everybody is qualified to find happiness. But you have to earn it—some people have to work harder than others!

CRAIG. Well, Doctor, what remedy do you prescribe for me?

APRIL. My advice to you is to go out into the world again and work—work hard for happiness, but for the happiness of somebody else. I don't care who he—or she—is—when you have made them happy you'll find you've been cured.

CRAIG. You mean? (*He is absorbed.*)

APRIL. I mean that you're a success when you are happy, and you're happy when you make someone else happy; that's my religion.

CRAIG. (*Rises, L. to C., gets imaginary hat*) Your fee?

APRIL. Do you think it's worth a fee?

CRAIG. It's made me happy!

APRIL. Then—that's my fee.

CRAIG. Good morning, Doctor!

APRIL. Good morning!

(CRAIG goes out imaginary door, closing it, putting on hat.)

CRAIG. You know, I think it might do the others good to consult you.

(RENARD'S violin is heard in the distance.)

APRIL. I'm afraid it wouldn't, because I don't think it was in any one of them to be as great as they were ambitious. As father used to say: "If it's in you to do something artistic, nothing human can stop you. (*Music.*) If you didn't paint your art, you'd write it—if you didn't write it you'd carve it or build it." (*Goes R. She indicates RENARD'S music out the window; it has grown closer.*)

CRAIG. (*Goes up R. and looks off, as though he is seeing JOE playing*) Why, that's Joe! I thought he couldn't play!

APRIL. He doesn't call *that* playing—but he composes. Oh, the most beautiful music! (*Song—just a snatch, as RENARD finishes the melody he plays as he enters.*)

CRAIG. (*At end of song; shows amazement at APRIL*) Well, where did you learn to do that?

APRIL. You like it?

CRAIG. Like it? And I've heard them all.

APRIL. You have?

CRAIG. Yes. What was it?

APRIL. That's just a little song Joe taught me.

CRAIG. Oh, why, it's lovely! I'd like to hear it all. (RENARD enters.)

RENARD. No, no!

APRIL. Mrs. Carney—

CRAIG. She's gone to the village—please! please!

RENARD. April—

CRAIG. What—one of the Trinity tell on the Twonity?

(*Song. At end of song CRAIG goes to APRIL, takes her hand. RENARD slaps him on the back.*)

CRAIG. Sing something else.

APRIL. That's all I know.

RENARD. (R.C.) I am glad you like it. I can't play very well—my . . . (*Holds out hand.*)

APRIL. (L.C.) He knows, Joe, he knows; I've told him—he understands.

RENARD. (R.C.) Oh, you understand? Then so much for that! And now, mademoiselle—the post-man—he have arrive—your letter. (*Gives APRIL a letter.*)

APRIL. Oh, what a surprise! I needed—to hear from her to-night. (*Exclaims with surprise and takes the letter.*)

RENARD. You're luckier than the rest of us. We all go to the Post Office every night—hoping—but we never get any letters.

APRIL. (L.C.) You could—you have just as dear a friend as I have.

CRAIG. (R.) I thought you were alone in the world?

APRIL. (L.C.) I am, but I can write.

CRAIG. I don't understand.

RENARD. I let you in on a little secret. She writes to herself, and when we haven't any money

for stamps—well, I just carry the letter around in my pocket for a little while.

CRAIG. Now I understand.

APRIL. Mr. Craig, you won't laugh at me, will you?

CRAIG. I should say *not*!

APRIL. See, Joe—he is one of us now.

CRAIG. Tell me something about these letters—you know—are they intensely personal?

APRIL. Oh, yes!

CRAIG. Something that I should not see?

APRIL. Oh, no, you may read it. (*Hands letter to CRAIG.*) I've got to put these things away! (*Exits, taking pile of plates.*)

RENARD. When she is bad, she scolds herself. When she is good—sometimes I think she sends herself a little bouquet. Now, what does the best friend have to say this night?

CRAIG. (*Reading letter*)

"DEAR ME:

"I take my pen in hand to tell you that I do not like the way you lost your temper with Mrs. Carney yesterday. It didn't do anybody any good; Mrs. Carney is just the same, but you are worse off.

"I walked down the road the other day and saw a garden; it was full of flowers. Now, you have a garden—it isn't in somebody's back yard—but in your own mind. The flowers in it are the things you think, and the weeds are the nasty, mean little things you do. And, Dear Me, your garden is full of weeds to-day.

"Now it is time to go to bed; but before I go, let me give you some advice! If you hoe carefully among your thoughts (just as you do among your geraniums) maybe somebody will see a flower and want one; but who wants weeds?

"Now, I hope I won't have to write to you again

on this subject. With kindest regards to dear, dear Mrs. Carney and all the nice gentlemen, I close,

"Hopefully yours,

"MYSELF."

"P. S.—I hope you notice I pulled out two weeds by saying such lovely things about the old inmates and their keeper."

CRAIG. She's a wonderful girl, Joe!

RENARD. Mr. Craig, she's more than that! Now, let me tell you——

CRAIG. Sh-h-h!

(APRIL enters, smiling.)

APRIL. Well, what do you think of my dear friend "Myself"? (*Goes to work at table, gets glasses together, etc.*)

CRAIG. (*Looking at her*) I think you have a remarkable friend—I'd like to have one like her. (*Hands letter to APRIL.*)

APRIL. You can—that's easy.

CRAIG. How?

APRIL. Just take your pen in hand.

CRAIG. (*Laughing*) I may try that some day. (*Takes out a cigarette and match, strikes the match.*)

APRIL. It does me a lot of good.

CRAIG. Smoke, Renard?

RENARD. (*Jumps for CRAIG*) No—no! Mon Dieu! Not that, Mr. Craig—not here. It's against Mrs. Carney's rules. (*Indicates the kitchen.*) She has the nose of a bloodhound; you would not take two puffs before—*annihilation!*

CRAIG. Is there a—a smoking room?

RENARD. Yes—the wide world—outside—but stay far away from the house.

CRAIG. I see—then I shall seek the wide world. Will you excuse me, April? (APRIL, fascinated by these manners, nods.) And you, Joe?

RENARD. *Avec plaisir. (Pauses.)*

CRAIG. My first name is Edgar.

RENARD. With regret, Edgar.

CRAIG. I thank you, Joe and April. *(Exits.)*

(APRIL and JOE stand watching as he goes out of the door.)

APRIL. *(Turns to RENARD)* Joe, did you hear what Mr. Craig said when you played and I sang? *(During this talk APRIL walks to porch to shake table-cover.)* He said, "Sing some more." He wanted to hear me sing again, Joe, and he *knows*!

RENARD. I know, too, oh, *mon enfant*! With work—some day you will sing; you shall have your chance; some day you will leave this place . . .

APRIL. Oh, Joe, don't say it, because I can't—ever—so long as I'm needed here.

RENARD. Oh, what you owe them for their care of your father will soon be paid, and then—work—out there in the big world.

APRIL. Oh, Joe, if I only *could*. *If I only could!*

RENARD. You will, but have *patience*! And then—— *(He bursts into his native tongue.)*

APRIL. *(Sings and works, goes to table, takes all glasses, puts them on sideboard at L. By this time the table is well cleared of dishes.)* Joe, Joe—do you like Mr. Craig?

RENARD. Do you?

APRIL. Yes-s-s!

RENARD. Then that's enough for old Joe. *(Studies his wrist a moment.)* Maybe he's better than an old fiddler with a broken wrist . . .

APRIL. *(Going over to him like a flash—takes his hand in both of hers)* I'm ashamed of you for even thinking such a thing. Why, there isn't another person in the world like you! *(Takes him around the neck.)*

RENARD. That's good for the *world*—and this *home* is good for the world, too. Like the attic, where people put all the old rubbish!

APRIL. But, Joe, you're not rubbish. You are not like the others! When that accident happened you didn't stop—you began something else—you said you'd be a composer—and you will! Now, look at the others—they're here because they're lazy—they're the rubbish—not *you*!

(*ALL enter talking ad lib.*—"It won't do any good"—"*Their letter settles it*"—"If someone would poison the old crank, they'd have to find someone else," etc. Nothing to be heard, just a jumble of voices. OGLEVIE enters with LAWTON on one side of him and PECK on the other. OGLEVIE sees APRIL and JOE and turns back to the others.)

OGLEVIE. (*Turning at door*) Here they are—together as usual!

LAWTON. What they find to talk about beats me.

RENARD. Oh, let her alone!

APRIL. (*Angrily, taking them all in*) I was talking about you!

(OGLEVIE crosses c.)

PECK. You were, were you? Well, well, she was talking about us, gentlemen—and what were you saying about us?

APRIL. That you're cheats!

OGLEVIE. (*Astounded*) Cheats! Well, upon my soul!

APRIL. Well, you are! All of you! You were all put on earth to do something—but because of this Home and that old man's misplaced kindness, you don't even try to do anything. You're cheating

him; you're cheating the rest of the world—you're *cheating God*—but, worst of all, you're cheating yourselves!

BEAN. Ha, that's funny! I never thought of that before.

APRIL. You never *thought*, Mr. Bean, and you, Mr. Oglevie, and you, Mr. Lawton, nor any of you! You've never thought that this Home has given you an excuse to stop, and you've taken it. Have any of you ever thought that there might still be a chance out there—have you?

TURNER. I have, April. Sometimes I work writing at my book, and I've tried to hope that perhaps . . .

APRIL. That's it—perhaps! (LAWTON coughs.)

OGLEVIE. That's right, Lawton, cough. (*Comes down in front of table c.—to APRIL*) There may be something in what you say, but I don't like the way you put it. If you care to offer a little apology . . .

APRIL. I haven't any apology to make. I work for my living, and I can look any of you—and him—(*Pointing to portrait*)—straight in the eye! That's more than any of you can do! (*Places JOE'S violin in bag.*)

OGLEVIE. (*Hesitates for a moment*) Well, I may have failed, but no one ever said *before* that I was dishonest!

APRIL. Well, you are! All of you, except Joe! There's something for every one of you to do out there—why don't you do it?

(MRS. CARNEY *has come in on the end of this speech from door R., and CRAIG has come into the entrance to the porch.*)

MRS. CARNEY. (*Coming c.*) And why don't you do your work instead of talking to these old *Round*

Robin writers—(PECK and BEAN exit quickly L.)—and keeping them from going to bed?

(APRIL starts moving chairs.)

OGLEVIE. Quite right, Mrs. Carney; we were just going up. *(Crosses L., offers her candy. All the men move toward stairway.)* They say "sleep before midnight makes for health—and beauty."

MRS. CARNEY. Well, I never get to bed before midnight—with you on my hands.

OGLEVIE. *(As he turns at the entrance to the stairs)* That's funny—somehow I felt you stayed up late. Good-night, good-night. *(Exits L. The others follow with mumbled good-nights.)*

(MRS. CARNEY waits, not saying a word. APRIL, a little frightened, begins to fuss about the table.

CRAIG stands unnoticed in the doorway. RENARD down L.)

MRS. CARNEY. *(Glancing about room—then at APRIL, glaring)* Now, young lady, why isn't your work finished?

APRIL. I was talking to Mr. Craig. *(Crosses back to tray.)*

(CRAIG saunters on and slowly gets up C.)

MRS. CARNEY. Talking—that's what you're always doing. You're like that father of yours—that's what landed him here—*talking!*

APRIL. Oh—*(In great anger)*—you'd better stop, Mrs. Carney!

MRS. CARNEY. How dare you talk to me like that—you insignificant cattle!

APRIL. *(Lets tray of dishes fall)* Oh! How dare you talk like that to me!

MRS. CARNEY. Pick up those dishes—*pick them up*—or I'll—

APRIL. Or you'll what? Come on—you've been threatening me for years—ever since I could remember almost—now what are you going to do?

MRS. CARNEY. Do? I'll show you! (*Raises her hand as though to strike her, when CRAIG quietly steps between them. MRS. CARNEY sees him and stops.*)

CRAIG. (*Smiling at MRS. CARNEY*) I wouldn't do that, Mrs. Carney—you'll get yourself all tired out!

APRIL. I'm not afraid of her, Mr. Craig!

CRAIG. (*Seeing he has stopped her*) Oh, all right. (*Puts hands in pockets and walks up stage, leaving MRS. CARNEY and APRIL glaring at each other.*)

MRS. CARNEY. (*Low, menacing tone*) Now you get out of here!

APRIL. What do you mean?

MRS. CARNEY. I mean you're through—*discharged!* (*She goes to stairs, turning at the stairs.*) And if your clothes aren't out of here by morning, I'll burn them! (*Exits.*)

(*APRIL stands looking after her, in a daze. CRAIG up c., looking on curiously. RENARD comes slowly to APRIL.*)

APRIL. Oh! Oh! Mrs. Carney—thank you!

RENARD. April!

APRIL. Joe, did you hear? (*RENARD nods.*) Think what it means—I'm free—free! There's nothing between me and the great big world out there!

RENARD. Then the time has come—

APRIL. (*Gleefully*) Of course, didn't you hear her tell me to go?

RENARD. Then we go together. Get ready—old Joe goes with you!

APRIL. *Joe!*

CRAIG. Don't you think it would be a little more sensible to wait until to-morrow?

APRIL. To-morrow! My life has been nothing but waiting for to-morrow—what counts with me is *now!* I want to start where my father stopped, and *I will!*

CRAIG. But where are you *going?* What are you going to do?

APRIL. Work, Mr. Craig, work! My chance has come and I'm going to take it!

CRAIG. Well—good luck—and good-bye! Good-bye, Joe! (*He waves his hand to RENARD.*)

RENARD. Good-bye, Edgar!

CRAIG. (*To APRIL*) Oh—shall I take care of the geraniums for you?

APRIL. I'd like to have you. (*CRAIG exits up-stairs.*) Our trinity didn't last very long, did it? (*Shakes it off.*) Come, Joe, we can't waste any more time. (*Gets upon chair L., back of table.*) I'm so afraid something will happen to stop us. How long will it take you to pack?

RENARD. (*Indicating violin, which is wrapped up*) I'm packed! (*RENARD and APRIL turn out lights on chandelier.*)

APRIL. I'll get my things right away. You wait for me here, and don't be long! (*RENARD exits L. APRIL starts, puts out the two lights over the mantel; as she turns out the last light she exits quietly into kitchen.*)

(*CRAIG, who cannot be identified by the audience, comes downstairs and crosses to the portrait. As he is crossing the clock—offstage—strikes nine. He stops in front of the portrait, strikes a match, looks at portrait for a moment, then*

goes over, with match still burning, to geraniums, looks at them. Suddenly he hears footsteps; blows out the match. APRIL enters from the kitchen, closing door carefully behind her. RENARD enters from stairs.)

APRIL. Joe!

RENARD. Yes!

APRIL. All ready! (*Bumps into CRAIG.*) Oh!

CRAIG. I'm sorry!

APRIL. Mr. Craig! It wasn't any use coming down. If I don't go now, I might never go. Please don't try to stop me!

CRAIG. (*At back of table*) I'm not going to try to stop you—I'm going with you!

APRIL. Say that again!

CRAIG. (*Half imitating APRIL, half meaning it*) I'm going to try to make somebody happy!

APRIL. You have! Isn't that a wonderful beginning!

(*CRAIG comes down L. of table.*)

RENARD. Look, April, he's bringing the geraniums!

APRIL. O-o-o-oh! (*All three start to exit.*)

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE I—*When EDGAR, JOE and APRIL sneaked out of the Home they came to New York, which is a great place for people to fail and equally a great place for failures to succeed.*

For those on the up-grade, if they haven't any money—or, more important, don't want people to think they have any money—a couple of rooms in a West Forty-fifth Street rooming-house make an excellent headquarters.

In just such a place EDGAR CRAIG led his two failures—if you want to refute him and call APRIL one. For a year they lived there. During that time strange things happened.

Out of nowhere CRAIG enjoyed a neat little income. Nothing great, but enough so that presently an old-fashioned piano made its appearance, so that APRIL'S voice could be trained under the loving care of old JOE, and the melodies that lingered in JOE'S brain, since those rash days in Poland, could find expression. For himself, EDGAR obtained a flea-bitten typewriter. At this he slaved, while JOE was out with APRIL seeing New York, its museums and its theatres, and above all its life.

So all three grew, and all their lives I don't think they will ever forget those mornings when APRIL would have her lessons with JOE, while EDGAR, at his typewriter, played a telegraphic obligato. When they had been living in their modest estab-

lishment kept neat by APRIL—for the lessons of MRS. CARNEY were not forgotten—the general room of their unpretentious apartment looked not unhomelike. The old piano was set beside the one window that looked out over Forty-fifth Street. What sun there was first hit the geraniums before it fell across the keyboard. And, by the way, the geraniums were thriving monstrously.

Across the back of the room was the door to the hall. And just across the hall was the door to APRIL'S room. On the other wall was the door to the kitchen. A few chairs, EDGAR'S typewriter table, which also served as the general carry-all for the three of them, and some funny little pictures, served as the furnishings—but the place was so cheery you instantly forgave its seeming bareness.

AT RISE—and it is particularly cheery this morning, APRIL is singing and RENARD playing her accompaniment. CRAIG is speeding along at his machine—we have no interest at present in what he is doing. Neither has he, apparently, for he stops to listen to APRIL, and if you look sharply you may detect something more than an amateur interest in music in his gaze.

(APRIL takes a high note—and not to RENARD'S liking, for he stops the scale he is playing and hits the note sharply on the piano. APRIL tries again—still she is flat, so flat that even CRAIG, idolizing her as he does, cannot help but remark.)

CRAIG. Little flat, isn't she, Joe?

RENARD. Perhaps you like to give her the lessons and let me play on the typewriter.

CRAIG. I beg your pardon.

RENARD. If you don't spell something right, do we stop you? Then maybe when we don't sing something right, you give us the same consideration.

CRAIG. I beg your pardon. I did not want April to "get off on the wrong foot."

RENARD. I have nothing to do with her foots.

APRIL. He doesn't mean anything; he is just interested in my career. He wants me to get a good start.

RENARD. Oh, Edgar, is that what you mean? I . . .

APRIL. Joe, don't annoy him. (*She starts toward CRAIG to see what he is writing. He does not see her, but RENARD calls her back and explains.*)

RENARD. April, perhaps he has a wonderful idea!

APRIL. (*Is curious, and walks over to CRAIG*) What are you doing, Edgar, working on your great play?

CRAIG. Yes.

APRIL. Let me see it?

CRAIG. No, no! (*Covers the machine with his arms.*)

APRIL. Oh, my! I let you listen when I sing, so why can't I read your play?

CRAIG. Nothin' doin', April! This is my secret! (*APRIL pouts.*)

RENARD. (*At piano*) Now, come here; like a busy little bee, making hay while the sun shines. Now the song, and watch your foot! (*APRIL sings.*)

APRIL. Oh, it's ten o'clock! Got to quit now!

RENARD. Quit? Quit? (*He is amazed.*) You will never succeed unless you persevere. Look at Tetrazzini!

APRIL. (*Going toward the door*) I will look at Tetrazzini some other time. Just now this prima donna has to clean her white shoes.

RENARD. Clean her white shoes! Mon Dieu!

Such an ambition! (*He plays a strain of the song, "Dear Me."*)

APRIL. (*Stops to listen*) What is that, Joe?

RENARD. Just an idea for a new melody. You like it?

APRIL. I think it is *terrible*!

RENARD. (*Rising from piano and walking across room, angry in his own volatile manner*) Now this is the end! Now I quit!

APRIL. You quit?

RENARD. I quit! Q-u-i-t! etc.

APRIL. But, Joe, you will *never* succeed unless you persevere! Look at Paderewski! Such an ambition! (*And she goes into her room across the hall.*)

RENARD. Oh! Now, just for that I will make her rehearse to-morrow for ten hours!

(*CRAIG at table typewriting. Telephone on table beside the machine rings. CRAIG pays no attention. RENARD walks back to the piano.*)

CRAIG. Answer the 'phone, Joe!

RENARD. Answer it yourself!

CRAIG. (*Takes down receiver*) Hello! Well—who do you want? Mr. Prentice? Who is this? Manny Bean! How many times have I told you *not* to call me up here? If you want to talk to me, call me up at my house up-town. If she ever hears about my doing all this for her, you're fired!

RENARD. If she don't hear, she's deaf!

CRAIG. Close the door! (*Over 'phone*) Now you can go ahead; yes, of course—— Then ask her to come down to the office and talk about a contract, and you give her five times as much as she asks.

RENARD. She is not worth that much!

CRAIG. How much?

RENARD. Five times as much as she expects!

CRAIG. If she finds out . . . (*APRIL enters, and RENARD digs CRAIG in the ribs. CRAIG speaks in a more impersonal tone.*) She was here a moment ago. Here she is now!

APRIL. Who is it, Edgar?

CRAIG. Manny! Manny Bean from the Home! You got a letter from him to-day.

RENARD. Let me talk to him. (*Picking up telephone, CRAIG holding receiver to his ear.*) Hello, Manny! This is Joe—Joe Renard—talking. You need some music for your show? What you say? I can't hear you—— (*He then realizes he has not the receiver.*)

CRAIG. Yes, he needs some music. (*To 'phone*) Well, Manny, when are you going to start rehearsals? So soon?

APRIL. (*Walking to the table*) Oh, Edgar, I wish you would treat me as though I were of *some* importance!

CRAIG. Well, are you? (*In 'phone, as though talking to BEAN.*)

APRIL. Well, I must be, when a regular manager sends me a note and then telephones me.

CRAIG. (*Handing over telephone*) Well, he has been waiting while you were talking.

APRIL. (*To 'phone*) Yes! I have been awfully excited since I received your note! Oh, Manny, I mean, Mr. Bean. You will? Yes! Yes! Well, I think so. I will be right over. Oh . . .

RENARD. Well, tell us what did he say?

APRIL. It's work, Joe! It's work at last! He said to come right over and sign a contract for a part in a new play. At last my chance has come. (*Turning to CRAIG.*) If he would send for you!

CRAIG. Oh, some other day.

APRIL. But never mind, when I am a success I

promise never to play anything unless you write it, and never to sing a song unless Joe writes it!

RENARD. But how are we going to eat till then?

APRIL. That won't be long! Up to now I've only been the tiny angle of our triangle, but from now on I am to be the principal corner-stone. We've lived nearly a year on Edgar's little income. Now it's my turn to do something, and I'm going to show him and you, and all of you—(*Looking into purse and finding it empty*) Who has carfare?

CRAIG. Here you are, April.

APRIL. I will make good, you'll see if I don't! Just watch me! (*And she goes out in a flurry of joy.*)

CRAIG. It looks as though we have started something.

RENARD. It looks as if someone else is going to finish it! (*CRAIG smiles at him.*)

(*JOE returns to the piano and begins to play the chorus of "Dear Me."* CRAIG is still thinking about APRIL, but now the lilt of the melody catches his ear. He listens for a second and then dashes down to his table—there he begins to write, after he has said over to himself some words. His idea is a good one—he turns to RENARD, and with enthusiasm says)

CRAIG. Joe, play that over again. (*And RENARD, bless his heart for not asking questions, starts to play it again. CRAIG makes sure his metre is correct and then stops RENARD.*) Listen, Joe! Play it again! I've got it! Now see if you don't like this. (*And as RENARD begins again, CRAIG starts to sing.*)

"Dear Me, I'm writing to you—
To ask you do you . . ." etc.

CURTAIN

SCENE II

After the curtain has been down a few seconds it rises again, but something has happened to our room.

The table is cleared off and the piano covered, and it has the air of not having been occupied for some time. The curtains are down and on a chair. Mere skeletons of their former selves are the dead geranium plants, which later find their way back to the window ledge.

Then we hear a key in the door, and when it opens a spick little Japanese servant who answers, we shall see, to the name of CLARENCE enters. He has a handbag with him which he takes into the kitchen. He is whistling and merry as he makes the room habitable again, opening the window, replacing on the ledge the box of geraniums, uncovering the piano, and preparing some writing materials for someone. Hardly finished this job when

CRAIG enters. He is not the CRAIG we have seen before—the rather drab fellow in a dressing-gown and muffler. No, indeed. His clothes are of the Avenue, so is his hat and his general air of radiant prosperity. He is not EDGAR CRAIG, the failure, but EDGAR PRENTICE, the wealthy young romancer without whom we should never have had this play. But he does not long remain in this latter character. Even, as through the action, he changes back into EDGAR CRAIG, no mere alteration of clothes could hide his happiness—something important is occurring—but we shall have to wait to see what it is.

Room in lodging-house on second floor. It is neatly furnished; window R. with curtains. Door in flat R. of C. showing another door across the hall; door L.U.E.

Rug on floor; library table L.C., with legal paper, pencils, match-holder and tray, theatrical papers and wastebasket front of it. Chairs R. and L. of table; chair at back of table; baby grand piano R. What-not U.R. corner with bric-a-brac. Small table at back R. of door; on it is sheet music, magazines and a violin case.

Bookcase with books on wall at back L., lounge under it. Chair L. of door; chair down R., beside piano. Table desk down L. against the wall; on it small writing-pad and writing materials, books, small clock, photos and music-roll. Chair L. beside the desk; hat-rack in corner U.L. Pictures on wall; gas bracket on wall R. and L. Gas bracket on wall R., beside the door R.C.)

CLARENCE. (*As CRAIG enters*) Good-morning, Mr. Prentice.

CRAIG. Mr. Prentice?

CLARENCE. Oh, excuse. Here—Mr. Craig.

CRAIG. Ah, that's better.

CLARENCE. You going to work to-day? I have nice paper, pencils, all right.

CRAIG. No, we are not going to work to-day. Somebody's coming to town. (*CLARENCE laughs.*) And if you ask me who it is, I'll fire you!

CLARENCE. Mr. Prentice—— (*CRAIG stops him short.*) Oh, Mr. Craig, you rich man to-day, or poor man?

CRAIG. Rich man or poor man? Poor man to-day, Clarence. Now, get the poor man's things! Hurry up! And when you go to the house, tell the cook there'll be five for dinner—four and myself!

CLARENCE. (*Grins*) Oh, yes, sir!

CRAIG. (*Laughing*) What are you grinning at?

CLARENCE. (*Grinning broadly*) Excuse. (*There is a knock on the door.*)

CRAIG. Come in! (MANNY BEAN *enters.*)
Hello, Manny Bean!

BEAN. (*Excitedly and happily*) Well, well, well, well! How are you, Mr. Prentice? I was on my way up to your house, then I had a hunch I might find you here.

CRAIG. (*Looking at his watch*) I thought you were just leaving Hartford?

BEAN. I came ahead of the company.

CRAIG. Oh! Well, how did the show go last night?

BEAN. Immense! It goes bigger with every performance. You're *some* writer, Mr. Prentice—honestly, you're a wonder!

CRAIG. (*Shaking his hand*) Well, then, we agree upon one thing. Seriously, though, it's too good to believe. (*Goes up L.*) I'm going to wake up some day, Manny, sure!

BEAN. You *have* waked up, Mr. Prentice.

CRAIG. And before I went to the Home I couldn't write a success.

BEAN. Oh, well, that was different!

CRAIG. How, different?

BEAN. (*Uncertainly*) Well, then you were trying to write a show; this time you were thinking of a part for a girl.

CRAIG. (*Coming down L. of c.*) You mean I was doing it for somebody *else*?

BEAN. Yes, sure!

CRAIG. (*Facing front, thinking*) That's funny!

BEAN. What's funny?

CRAIG. I had a tip to try that?

BEAN. A tip? Who from?

CRAIG. From—from a doctor. But you wouldn't understand.

BEAN. A doctor told you to write a show for April?

CRAIG. Well, not exactly, but that was the idea. Before my other plays were terrible, but this one—well, we mustn't crow too soon. (*Sits L. of table c.*)

BEAN. I tell you it is now!

CRAIG. How did they like April in Hartford?

(CLARENCE *enters with clothes.*)

BEAN. Just killed them, that's all. All her nervousness is gone now—she's as steady as a clock when she's on there—you'd think she was born on the stage.

(CLARENCE *gets coat, comes down L.*)

CRAIG. She's wonderful!

BEAN. That's right, but look at the part she's got.

CRAIG. Oh, yes.

BEAN. She don't appreciate that!

CRAIG. Oh, yes, she does. (*Rises, takes coat.*)
And the score—Joe's music goes as big as ever?

BEAN. Immense. Of course Joe ain't satisfied.

CRAIG. No?

BEAN. But that's the way he is—nothing he ever does satisfies him!

(CLARENCE *exits.*)

CRAIG. (*Goes up L.*) That's why he's an artist, Manny!

BEAN. Well, we're all right for the New York opening if you are—

CRAIG. What do you mean—"if you are?"

BEAN. I mean, will that new theatre of yours be ready?

CRAIG. It's ready now!

BEAN. It is? My hat's off to you! I thought you were crazy to get that old failure, Peck, as your architect.

CRAIG. You don't think so now, eh?

BEAN. Not so much—no. The theatre is beautiful, all right. Of course it's a little old-fashioned.

CRAIG. What do you mean, old fashioned?

BEAN. Well, there's that post in the balcony, and——

CRAIG. I like posts in the balcony.

BEAN. You do?

CRAIG. Yes! When I was a kid all the theatres had posts in the balcony.

BEAN. All right, Mr. Prentice, it's your theatre. It's certainly brought Peck a new lease on life, and those decorations of Lawton's in the lobby are—say, all right. Say, Mr. Prentice, you just saved those fellows from the Home—and April—well, she didn't do no harm the day she balled out those guys!

CRAIG. *Those* guys?

BEAN. Well, *us* guys!

CRAIG. That's better. You're sure she doesn't suspect? She still thinks you're the real manager?

BEAN. Say, she just touched me for five hundred!

CRAIG. She thinks you're the manager, all right!

BEAN. You know, I get scared sometimes she is liable to find out it is you that's done it all!

CRAIG. If she does, Manny, you're booked to go back to the home!

BEAN. Yeh? But she worries me to death asking questions. When are you going to tell her who you are, Mr. Prentice?

CRAIG. That's my business, Manny; all you have to do is to keep your mouth shut!

BEAN. Yeh, but——

CRAIG. I know it's hard, but that's what you're

paid for! (*Shakes hands with BEAN. BEAN starts toward the door.*) What's your hurry?

BEAN. I don't want April to find me here . . .

CRAIG. April? Why, she's with the company, isn't she?

BEAN. No, she's in town . . .

CRAIG. What?

BEAN. She motored in!

CRAIG. Motored in? (*Crosses to window R.*)

BEAN. Yes! Oh, yes, you can sell a half-interest in the show for a lot of money if you want to!

CRAIG. (*Pleased*) What makes you think so?

BEAN. Because there's a young fellow named Quail—loaded with dough—wants to buy an interest. He motored April in this morning. He's just crazy about her. Want to sell him an interest?

CRAIG. No! (*BEAN exits hurriedly, laughing.*) "Quail!"—(*Thinks of it again.*)—"Quail!" (*He is very sore.*)

(CLARENCE enters.)

CLARENCE. I go now, Mr. Craig—something else?

CRAIG. Yes.

CLARENCE. What?

CRAIG. Nothing! (*CLARENCE in fog of amazement, stands waiting.*) Well, what are you waiting for? When you are finished, why not go? (*CLARENCE remains silent, crosses to L.*) Get out!

CLARENCE. (*Struts toward door, stops*) Five for dinner, seven o'clock.

CRAIG. No, I'm not going to dine at home—the dinner's off!

CLARENCE. Very well, sir! (*Exits.*)

(*CRAIG stands still; bus. ad lib. There is a knock at the door. CRAIG, hoping that it may be APRIL,*

goes quickly to the door and opens it; he is disappointed to find it is JOE RENARD.)

CRAIG. Hello, Joe!

(RENARD enters, speaking almost absent-mindedly.)

RENARD. Ah, so you are here! (*Goes to piano.*)

CRAIG. (*Crosses to him; slightly hurt*) Well, so are you!

RENARD. It was lucky—I did not have my key. (*He hums and plays three or four notes, then takes from his pocket a flexible music pad or book and jots down a note or two as the scene proceeds.*)

CRAIG. Say, what's the trouble with you, anyway?

RENARD. Oh, Edgar, my damn composition! (*Then brilliantly*) In the taxi I got the idea. (*Rises, crosses to EDGAR.*)

CRAIG. Your music is great, Joe. Why, the opening night in New Haven, when I sneaked in, they were all whistling it!

RENARD. For the first time in my life, it gives me pleasure to hear the American people whistle. (*Then with a worried air.*) But I am just thinking of a counter-melody, running pum—pum—pum against the "Dear Me" number; you understand—— (*He is back at the piano again.*) Pum—Pum, and against it pum—pum—pum—you see—it is running counter against the other pum—pum.

CRAIG. You have nothing running against me, have you? Where's April?

RENARD. (*Crosses to table c.*) April? April and I we do not speak!

CRAIG. (*Sees up and back of table*) What?

RENARD. We eat together—yes! But not even "please pass the salt" do we say!

CRAIG. What's the trouble?

RENARD. Well, when we are alone she is all right.

When she is on the stage and I'm in the pit directing—to hell with Joe! I am a disgrace!

CRAIG. (*Comes down front*) Wait a minute, Joe! You're liable to bust this trinity right down the middle. Now tell me, where is April?

RENARD. (*Rises, goes R.*) I am her *director*, not her nurse-maid!

CRAIG. Oh, Joe, you must be a little reasonable.

RENARD. (*Turns toward CRAIG.*) I am the soul and body of reason, but I am a musician!

CRAIG. What's she?

RENARD. A woman! That much I learn many times.

CRAIG. I understand what's wrong! Now, Joe, look me in the eye. I'm right—I see a little green—right in the corner of the eye! Confess, Joe, when you hear them all applaud April that way—don't you think, perhaps, you're just a little bit jealous?

RENARD. I—Joe—jealous of April? (*Laughs*) Oh, that is impossible! (*Laughs; sits.*)

CRAIG. Beware, Joe, of the green-eyed monster! Why, jealousy—— (*Bus.; going up stage; then recovering himself, comes down.*) Who is this—Johnnie you picked up on the road?

RENARD. Johnny—pick up?

CRAIG. You know who I mean—name is *Quail* or something—wants to buy an interest in the show!

RENARD. Ah! Hm! Hm!

CRAIG. Yes—*Hm!*

RENARD. I'm not the one who is jealous, I think—it's you!

CRAIG. Me! Jealous of that damned fool?

RENARD. (*Rises, crosses to CRAIG.*) Jealous of *anyone* who wants the girl you love! (*CRAIG turns quickly; this is the first time it has been acknowledged between them.*) You love April!

CRAIG. I?

RENARD. Yes! She don't know it, but Joe knows

it; I know it all the time. You can't fool old Joe!
(*He pats CRAIG on the back.*)

CRAIG. That's right, Joe.

RENARD. (*Murmurs*) Huh! (*Turns to go.*)

CRAIG. (*Takes his arm and holds him fast while he continues*) When I went up to that Home that Dad built in my memory, I went up to see how the old codgers were making out, but I found something else—I found April . . . (*JOE starts back to piano.*) And she made me realize that something was missing—*happiness*—and I found that happiness with her. But now, she's been away from me for ten days—and I miss her—— Oh, Joe, you don't know how I miss her!

RENARD. (*Is back at piano, thinking of his music*) Sure—sure I do!

CRAIG. (*Following him up*) No, you don't. I've sort of stopped living for myself, and if I thought she'd never care for me, I'd never want to live again. And the day she says: "I love you," I'll be the happiest man in the world—if she ever says it! Now you can go ahead—do what you want, I'm finished.

RENARD. (*Looking up from the music he is writing*) Oh, she'll say it the minute she finds out who you are and what you've done for her. (*He plays.*)

CRAIG. Ah, that's exactly what I *don't* want! I don't want her to love Edgar Prentice, because he has built a theatre, written a play and given her a chance—I want her to love Edgar Craig, the failure!

RENARD. Oh, I see. (*He sings pum-pum-pum, etc., and nods his head keeping time.*)

CRAIG. (*Trying to get his sympathy, crosses to c.*) Now you can understand why I went up in the air about this fellow—this Johnnie!

RENARD. (*Rising from piano*) Edgar, how long since you see April?

CRAIG. Ten days! You know as well as I do. Why, what's that got to do with it?

RENARD. She change!

CRAIG. April—changed! How?

RENARD. She isn't the old April—she's the whole damn calendar. (*Turns to window.*) Look, her geraniums—they have die.

CRAIG. Well, she's been away!

RENARD. They die before she go.

CRAIG. (*Thoughtfully*) Yes, I suppose she's forgotten all about them.

RENARD. She forget more than the geraniums!

(*Without knocking APRIL enters, handsomely gowned. She stands in the door for a moment or two trying vainly to hide the fact that she is pleased with the effect that she is creating upon CRAIG.*)

CRAIG. April!

APRIL. (*Coming down c.*) And all the morning papers said: "Scarcely in the history of this city has such an ovation been accorded as April Blair received last night." There are my Bridgeport, Hartford, New Haven and Stamford notices. (*Hands an envelope to CRAIG.*)

RENARD. Ugh!

APRIL. (*Tosses her head at RENARD's remark and turns to CRAIG*) And you never came to see me play!

CRAIG. (*Softly*) I wanted to.

APRIL. Well, why didn't you? Ah, forgive me—you couldn't afford it, and I thought it was because you didn't care!

CRAIG. Didn't care—why, I—— By George, you look wonderful!

APRIL. Did you miss me?

CRAIG. Miss you? Did I!

APRIL. Now that I'm back, I wish I'd written oftener. (*Sits.*)

CRAIG. The postcard from Bridgeport—with the picture of the City Hall—was appreciated.

APRIL. I sent you one from New Haven, too!

CRAIG. Never got it.

APRIL. Oh, I didn't send it!

CRAIG. Maybe that's why I never got it!

APRIL. But I was awfully busy in New Haven. A lot of people came back stage and you know, Edgar, everybody wanted a photograph. I think I'll send them one. Manny said we should keep our admirers, and the easiest way is to send them photographs. You know, he thinks I ought to go into moving pictures.

RENARD. (*Turns at this*) *Mon Dieu!*

CRAIG. You are not thinking of doing it?

APRIL. I haven't thought of anything. I've been so busy rehearsing with Joe!

RENARD. Oh—you're a baby!

APRIL. I'm not a baby! (*JOE and APRIL start in ad lib. fight.*)

CRAIG. Now, just wait a minute—you two can't go on this way.

APRIL. *I'm not going on—it's Joe!*

RENARD. Hear her!

CRAIG. Now, just what is the trouble? (*Both start in noisily.*) We'll hear from April first.

APRIL. Well, I'll tell you, Edgar! In the second act there's a song—— Come here, Joe—play for Edgar. (*Goes to piano.*)

RENARD. Play, play! Play it yourself! I'll have nothing to do with this—this demonstration!

CRAIG. But you realize you should be ashamed of yourself, don't you? I see you do! Now help April!

(APRIL starts to pick a note or two, then looks at JOE, as if asking him to play it.)

RENARD. (*Going to the piano*) Oh—a piano was invented by the devil!

APRIL. Now, no more fighting—we'll leave it to Edgar!

RENARD. That suits me! (*Starts to play, finishes the vamp, and APRIL begins to sing.*)

CRAIG. (*After song*) Is that the way she sings it on the stage?

APRIL. Yes, of course that's the way I sing it on the stage.

RENARD. No! That is the way I *wanted* her to sing it!

CRAIG. Then you're both right—now then, come here—come here. (RENARD crosses to CRAIG.) And you, April! (APRIL comes over.) Now, then, say you're sorry!

RENARD. (*Puts his arms around APRIL*) April!

APRIL. It's all right, Joe, I forgive you!

CRAIG. Ah, the trinity!

APRIL. The trinity!

CRAIG. Enjoy your motor trip?

APRIL. (*Breaks away*) Oh, I forgot! Good heavens! (*Goes to window.*) Edgar, do you mind if I bring up a friend?

CRAIG. Certainly not—why should I?

APRIL. (*Leans out and calls*) Oh, Dudley! Dudley!

RENARD. (*He and CRAIG exchange a significant look*) April's fool!

APRIL. Dudley—hoo—hoo! (*Comes back in the room, looks around for something to throw down.*) He can't hear me . . . (*Sees the geraniums—pulls out one plant.*)

CRAIG. April! The geraniums!

APRIL. Oh, they're dead! (*Turns and flings it down.*)

CRAIG. Throw him a book and let him read!

APRIL. Come up, Dudley—second floor front! (*Turns into the room, brushing the dirt from her dress and hands.*)

CRAIG. Dudley?

APRIL. Dudley Masters Quail! And his father has all the money in Connecticut!

RENARD. Johnny Pick-up!

APRIL. Joe, I wish you wouldn't speak about him that way. Edgar, he isn't half bad. I've really brought him here to meet you, because if he should take a fancy to you, with all his money there's no telling what he mightn't do for you!

CRAIG. Where did you meet him?

APRIL. In Bridgeport—Mr. Bean introduced him to me.

CRAIG. Mr. Bean? Oh—*he did!*

APRIL. But you'll like him! (*Knock at door; all turn.*)

CRAIG. There's no question about my liking him; if he's your friend he's my friend. I can hardly wait for him to come in that door. I want to say "welcome" . . .

(DUDLEY enters.)

APRIL. He's so different from other men . . .

CRAIG. (*To JOE*) So he is!

APRIL. Dudley, I want you to meet Mr. Craig—I've told you about him!

DUDLEY. (*To APRIL, sotto voce*) Oh, the failure fellow! How are you?

CRAIG. Oh, I'm failing pretty well to-day—how are you failing?

DUDLEY. (*Crossing to RENARD*) Hello, Joey!

CRAIG. Hello, Joey? He is getting on. I beg

your pardon. (*To DUDLEY*) Won't you sit down?

DUDLEY. (*Gazing about the ceiling*) Thanks—oh, thanks awfully!

CRAIG. (*After he has followed DUDLEY's gaze for a moment*) If you are looking for the leak, it's over here. And the chairs are here!

DUDLEY. Course it is. Thanks. (*Sits.*)

APRIL. Dudley, this is where we got our start; we used to call it the "workshop," didn't we, Edgar?

EDGAR. Yes, we used to.

APRIL. Oh, those were wonderful days—and sometimes we had to make a bottle of milk go a long way.

RENARD. Those days are over, thank the Lord!

APRIL. I don't think I shall ever forget them, even after the opening, when I'm a famous star and Joe's a great composer—and Edgar—dear old Edgar—when you have one of your plays produced.

(*There is a moment of silence, then as CRAIG opens a box of cigarettes and passes them to DUDLEY.*)

CRAIG. Smoke?

DUDLEY. What are they?

CRAIG. Cigarettes.

DUDLEY. (*Examines the cigarettes, then sinks back*) No, thanks, I have my own!

CRAIG. We all have our peculiarities. I'm very sorry I haven't something alcoholic to offer you!

DUDLEY. I seldom drink, thanks.

CRAIG. Maybe a little *tea* would *buck* you up?

APRIL. Splendid idea, Edgar, I'm glad you thought about it.

RENARD. A good idea, Edgar. I make it!

CRAIG. Perhaps I'd better help you—I know where the things are!

RENARD. (*Starts toward the door*) I find him even in the darkness. (*Exits.*)

(CRAIG to R. of stage, turns to look at APRIL and DUDLEY. They are having a little private conversation, looking at a photograph in kodak album, and animated.)

CRAIG. (*Regards them for a moment*) It's a very early Autumn we're having, isn't it?

DUDLEY. (*Annoyed*) What?

CRAIG. I said the Autumn!

DUDLEY. Oh, yes.

CRAIG. Did I understand you to say you came from Bridgeport, Mr. Quail—Bridgeport?

DUDLEY. Connecticut!

CRAIG. I thought you said Bridgeport. I used to have some friends—I say I *used* to have some friends, I still have some friends—very dear friends—who had a summer home . . .

DUDLEY. (*With contempt*) That's not so odd—*millions* of people have summer homes!

CRAIG. That's so—just a slip of mine—I hadn't thought of that! (*Crash heard off stage.*) Joe, making tea . . . (*Ad lib. conversation—CRAIG standing at L., DUDLEY and APRIL on opposite side of table in ardent conversation, paying no attention to CRAIG'S presence. CRAIG'S "rambling" follows.*) You see, Joe's French—he came from the South of France—if you remember your geography as well as I recall mine, you will recall that France is shaped like that. Joe lived about there—down in the Southern part. In the little town where Joe comes from the natives as a rule drink coffee! (*Laughs—alone.*) Ah, you can't catch me like that—I didn't say *all*, I said, "as a rule they drink coffee." (*Laughs again.*) So, you see, Joe's knowledge of tea-making is very limited, so naturally when we have friends drop in unexpectedly of an afternoon, as you dropped in to-day, why, I have been the one to make the tea; but on this occasion Joe thought it would

be nice if I stayed out here—and talked a while to myself. But if you'll excuse me—you'll excuse me? (*Stands for a moment, no reply; after another moment, and with a killing look, he exits.*)

(APRIL and DUDLEY converse about nothing for a moment.)

APRIL. (*Laughs, turns, surprised at CRAIG'S departure*) Why, Edgar's gone!

DUDLEY. I say, April, if I'm going to make you the sort of a star you deserve to be, you really ought to cut this sort of thing out.

APRIL. Why, Dudley, these people are old friends.

DUDLEY. That's very pretty sentiment, but it isn't business. People judge you by where you go; what would mother say if she could see you tramping out of this awful place? Let's make our excuses and go!

APRIL. But, Dudley, they've asked us to tea! (*Takes his hat and stick and puts them on the piano.*)

DUDLEY. All right; but I'll bet they have condensed milk for tea, and I *hate* it! You can't be anybody—or get anywhere—if you have dependents like these people. Suppose I had some smart friends from Bridgeport at the stage door some night, and your old failure fellow should take it into his head to come around—how would you feel—how would I feel? You *really* should give them up!

APRIL. Give up the trinity?

DUDLEY. As we advance we pass the more lowly, and you—you have advanced. (*Goes to her.*)

APRIL. (*Rises, crosses to c.*) Yes, I have.

DUDLEY. (*Crosses to her*) And I'm going to put you on the highest rung—if I have to spend *all* of mother's money. But, April, I can't wait until you *really* arrive to tell you . . .

APRIL. Now, Dudley, stop! I know that tone! You're about to propose to me again.

DUDLEY. (*Crosses to her*) I was! And I'm going to keep right at it!

APRIL. Dudley, please! I'm not going to tell you again that love and I are far apart. Do you remember that line of Kipling's—"He travels fastest who travels alone!"

DUDLEY. But, April, you promised you'd give me your answer.

APRIL. On Wednesday night, after the opening, when I know the verdict.

(RENARD *enters.*)

RENARD. Oh, here comes the handsome waiter. Clear off the corner of the table, April! (*There is a general movement. The tea paraphernalia is set out as the following happens; when RENARD is pouring the tea he has can of condensed milk in his other hand.*) Now we have some wonderful French-Russian tea! (*Turning to DUDLEY.*) You like lemon in your tea, Mr. Quail?

DUDLEY. Yes, indeed!

RENARD. Oh, a lot of people do. But we use condensed milk.

APRIL. (*When all are seated, waiting for tea*) Oh, Edgar, are there any more of those cunning little cakes? (*Gives RENARD his tea. RENARD goes to piano.*)

CRAIG. I haven't made any since you've been away.

DUDLEY. Do you *cook*?

CRAIG. Well, not professionally, Mr. Bird—Quail—but I cook!

DUDLEY. That is an accomplishment!

CRAIG. I'm sure I want to thank you for looking after Miss Blair.

DUDLEY. Greatest pleasure in the world.

CRAIG. Really?

DUDLEY. Really, quite. (*Sips tea, makes grimace.*)

CRAIG. Killed him!

DUDLEY. (*Goes R. to piano, gets hat and cane and comes back to APRIL.*) But we must be toddling! (*To CRAIG*) As I've an appointment with Mr. Prentice.

CRAIG. Mr. Prentice?

DUDLEY. Yes, the author of the little girl's show.

RENARD. You have an appointment with Mr. Prentice?

CRAIG. You have an appointment with Mr. Prentice?

DUDLEY. Yes—yes! I'm going to his house with—er—Mr. Bean. I expect to buy an interest in the play!

CRAIG. (*Goes up c. a little*) Oh, you do, eh?

DUDLEY. (*Crosses to APRIL*) Yes, I thought I'd take April along and introduce her. (*Crosses to CRAIG.*) Odd thing, you know, she's making all kinds of success in his show, and she's never seen him.

CRAIG. (*To RENARD*) That is odd! (*To DUDLEY*) Do you know Mr. Prentice?

DUDLEY. Oh, yes . . . (*CRAIG winks at RENARD.*) That is, when I say I know him I don't exactly remember meeting him, but so many of my friends are his friends, that it's just the same as knowing him, don't you think?

CRAIG. (*Mutters something, nodding his head*) Better than knowing him.

DUDLEY. Charming fellow—no end of money, and all that. We'll be sure to find him in at tea time.

CRAIG. (*To RENARD, crossing L.*) Always home at tea time—bring your condensed milk, Joe. We'll drop in.

DUDLEY. Come, April. We'll miss Mr. Prentice if you don't hurry!

APRIL. All right. Oh, Dudley, I want to show you my old room. It's across the hall. Joe and Edgar live in here. I suppose I'd still be living here if Manny hadn't insisted I go to a fashionable hotel.

DUDLEY. The only thing, April!

APRIL. Of course. This place wouldn't do any more, but we did have good times. Good-bye, Edgar!

CRAIG. Good-bye!

APRIL. (*To CRAIG*) I'll try to run in to-morrow; that is, if I can. (*To JOE*) I'll see you at the theatre, Joe. You understand what's taking me away, don't you, Edgar?

CRAIG. Oh, yes, I understand what's taking you away!

APRIL. Good-bye!

(DUDLEY and APRIL exit. CRAIG and RENARD watch her go; then CRAIG stands looking down at the desk, tearing up a piece of paper. RENARD goes up to door and closes it.)

CRAIG. You understand what's taking her away, didn't you, Joe?

RENARD. Yes, and it serves you right!

CRAIG. Why?

RENARD. Because you're a fool—you make me angry with you. Why didn't you tell her who you are?

CRAIG. I don't want her gratitude?

RENARD. (*Sits R. of table c.*) God knows what you want—I don't!

CRAIG. (*Crosses up c.*) Well, I do!

RENARD. You do? What is it?

CRAIG. (*Comes down R. of RENARD*) Well, I'll

tell you what it is. I wanted her to be glad to get back to us. Of course I know she couldn't stay here now, but I did hope that she'd want to. Oh, well—— (*Goes up to R.*)

RENARD. Oh, well! Now you make me mad all over again!

CRAIG. Well, what do I care whether you're mad or not?

RENARD. (*Rises, crosses to him*) Oh, Edgar, I ask you—do try to have a little sense! Don't go on expecting the impossible! April isn't an angel—she's just human. A month ago she was nobody. Now, in a minute, you make her famous—you turn her head all around and then expect her to want to come back here. Now why don't you tell her who you are?

CRAIG. No, not yet—not yet!

RENARD. Well, if you don't tell her who you are, then tell her you love her.

CRAIG. How?

RENARD. Say, April, you are a success—I am a failure, but *my God*, how I love you! If you don't tell her, I tell her everything!

CRAIG. Oh, no, you won't!

RENARD. I will if you don't tell her you love her.

CRAIG. Oh, you will? All right, I'll tell her I love her.

RENARD. You promise?

CRAIG. (*Goes up L.*) Yes, I promise, if she ever comes back!

RENARD. (*Seeing the notices, goes to table*) She will. Oh, not to see you.

CRAIG. (*Goes down to table*) What?

RENARD. These! Her press clippings! (*CRAIG looks puzzled.*) Her first press clippings! Right now she's hunting for them, and Dudley's turning his pockets out. Maybe she wants to show them to the taxi driver!

CRAIG. Maybe you're right, but I don't think so. Clarence! Oh, I let him go. Well, who's going to wash the tea things?

RENARD. I will.

CRAIG. Oh, no, you won't! We do it like everything else—fifty-fifty! (*Takes out coin.*) We'll toss—heads you wash them, tails I wash them. (*Tosses coin, looks at it, picks up dishes.*) This has been my lucky day, all right! (*Exits. Big crash of dishes heard off stage. Off stage*) Ha, ha! I don't have to wash them now!

(RENARD at piano working on composition. APRIL enters. She stands for a moment.)

RENARD. (*Handing her the clippings*) Here are the dear babies!

APRIL. (*At first gives him an angry glance; then smiles and takes clippings*) Oh, thank you! Did Edgar read them?

RENARD. No—he was too busy!

APRIL. (*Looks at him a moment, then goes up to door*) Where is he?

RENARD. Do you want to speak to him?

APRIL. Well, I'm in quite a hurry. I don't want to keep Mr. Quail waiting.

RENARD. That doesn't sound like the old April!

APRIL. Old April! You don't mean that person who used to work for Mrs. Carney?

RENARD. That's what I mean!

APRIL. You're right! Please don't ever mention her again.

RENARD. Who—Mrs. Carney?

APRIL. No—the old April! Ugh! That's like a bad dream!

RENARD. Maybe I mean the April who used to come here every morning to water the geraniums—eh?

APRIL. (*Crosses up, takes look at them, comes down to RENARD*) Joe, I wish you wouldn't be so annoying—why do you say these things? What are you thinking about?

RENARD. I'm thinking about our friend—Edgar.

APRIL. Ah—I understand! You have decided that I am ungrateful! Well, I'm not! If you care to know, I'm very grateful! And all I wish is there was some way I could show it!

RENARD. I guess maybe there is!

APRIL. Then, for Heaven's sake, tell me what it is!

RENARD. I don't suppose we see you so very much any more—from now on?

APRIL. Oh, no, that's it. You want me to come back here and live in that—that hole across the hall?

RENARD. It ain't a hole!

APRIL. Oh, why do you pester this way? For months I heard nothing from Edgar except, "Work, work hard now, so you can get ahead; run up to the Museum so you will be able to say something worth while about art; come to this concert, go to that play"—and why? He wanted me to get ahead, didn't he?

RENARD. Sure! But——

APRIL. And now that I'm up, and getting ahead, you tell me to forget it and come back here. (*Rises.*) My life is my life, and I can only live it one way! Now do you want me to close the show and come back here? Will that show how grateful I am? (*Goes R.*)

RENARD. *April! April!*

APRIL. Well, for Heaven's sake what shall I do? I'll give it up if only to make you stop harping! (*Ad lib.* APRIL and RENARD.)

(CRAIG has entered during her last speech, and he

stands listening. Now he steps out and in a careless way, coming down c.)

CRAIG. Hello!

APRIL. Oh, Edgar! Listen! Am I ungrateful?

CRAIG. Ungrateful! Certainly not!

APRIL. (*Crosses to RENARD*) You see—he says I'm not!

RENARD. Ugh! He says! He says! He is a fool! (*Exits into next room.*)

APRIL. Oh!

CRAIG. Now what's the trouble?

APRIL. I'm so unhappy! (*Sits L. of table c.*)

CRAIG. Why, April, what's it all about?

APRIL. Well, do you want me to be a success?

CRAIG. Don't you know I do?

APRIL. And you don't think I ought to give it all up and come back here to live?

CRAIG. What are you talking about?

APRIL. If I tried to make the most of myself would I be ungrateful?

CRAIG. Ungrateful? To whom?

APRIL. To you and Joe—for what you've done!

CRAIG. Certainly *not*!

APRIL. Then that's what I'm going to do—make the most of myself!

CRAIG. That's what I always hoped you would do.

APRIL. And you won't say any mean things, like Joe does, if I'm too busy to see much of you?

CRAIG. I won't say mean things!

APRIL. Oh, it's such a relief to talk to you. You seem to understand so much better than anyone else!

CRAIG. I do.

APRIL. Well, then, I must be going.

CRAIG. Oh, April!

APRIL. I have so many things to do. (*Goes up R.*)

CRAIG. April, you just said that I understood better than anyone else. Have you ever wondered why?

APRIL. No—why, no! I've never thought anything about that. I suppose—it's because . . .

CRAIG. Because I *love* you!

APRIL. Why, Edgar, I didn't expect you to say that!

EDGAR. Didn't you want me to?

APRIL. It's wonderful to know there is somebody you can reach out to for sympathy—for encouragement! And to me you've been that person. Let's keep it that way!

CRAIG. And would that make you happy?

APRIL. I think so.

CRAIG. Well, then, that's the way it will be!

APRIL. Oh, I'd give anything if this hadn't happened! It makes me feel as though we had come to a sort of a parting of the ways. I'm going ahead . . .

CRAIG. While I'm staying here!

APRIL. Oh, Edgar!

CRAIG. I mean I'll have to stay so you'll know where to find me if you feel like "reaching out for encouragement."

APRIL. (*Long pause, then she opens her pocket-book, takes out letter*) Oh, Edgar, all this has made it so difficult for me to do what I've been thinking about for days. I've written you a note—— (*CRAIG starts to open same.*) No, don't open it now—not until I've gone.

CRAIG. Why?

APRIL. Oh, I couldn't be here when you read it.

CRAIG. Oh!

APRIL. And promise you won't misunderstand what I've written?

CRAIG. I promise!

DUDLEY. (*Off stage*) I say—April!

APRIL. Coming, Dudley! (*Exits.*)

(CRAIG stands dazed for a moment; then he looks at the letter in his hand and weighs it. He is afraid to open it, being a mortal coward. He crosses slowly and stands considering it. RENARD enters; he is delightfully curious; he looks out, then looks at CRAIG, who does not notice his entrance.)

RENARD. Well, did you tell her?

CRAIG. Yes.

RENARD. Well, what did she say?

CRAIG. (*Regarding the letter*) Nothing!

RENARD. What did she do?

CRAIG. Left me this!

RENARD. This note? (CRAIG nods.) What did she write?

CRAIG. I don't know. She told me not to open it until she had gone—and then not to be “misunderstood.”

RENARD. But she's gone—why don't you open it?

CRAIG. Because I'm afraid!

RENARD. Afraid of what?

CRAIG. Of what she's written.

RENARD. What are you talking about?

CRAIG. She's gone, Joe, gone! And I don't think I'll ever see her again!

RENARD. What?

CRAIG. That is—here!

RENARD. Yes, you will! (*Starts off.*)

CRAIG. Wait a moment, Joe! Where are you going?

RENARD. I'm going to get April and tell her everything!

CRAIG. No, you're not! Joe, I want you to promise me one thing—never tell her who I am. On your word of honor. (*They shake hands.*) Thanks,

Joe. She told me not to misunderstand. Well, I won't! But I am not man enough to open that fool letter and settle one thing in my own mind!

RENARD. I'll open it! (*Makes as if to take the note.*)

CRAIG. No, you won't! I'll open it! (*Sits, stares at the note, still reluctant.* RENARD goes up stage, pours a glass of water at the tea things, comes back to CRAIG'S side with it. CRAIG looks at the water.) What's that for?

RENARD. I'm thirsty! (*Drinks.*)

(CRAIG rips open the note. It contains a fifty-dollar bill and a theatre ticket. They may either fall to the floor or CRAIG may take them and place them on the table, as best proved in rehearsal. Then CRAIG reads the note, and suddenly begins to laugh almost hysterically. RENARD regards him with wonderment.)

CRAIG. Well, I'll be damned!

RENARD. Sure, why not?

(CRAIG starts to laugh, then tries to control himself and reads the note, then laughs again.)

RENARD. What is——

CRAIG. Look—what's that? (*Holds out bill.*)

RENARD. Money—fifty dollars!

CRAIG. Right you are! (*Starts to read the note, then starts to laugh.*) Now, listen to this! (*Reads*) "DEAR YOU:

"The enclosed fifty dollars is only a loan, please don't think anything else. But buy yourself a dress-suit and come to my opening like a regular first-nighter. P. S." (*Speaks*) She never wrote a note without one! (*Reads*) "The ticket is the best I could get—even with all my influence." (*Picks up*

the ticket. RENARD is a little sore.) Wait a moment, Joe, before you get angry about nothing. I want you to do something for me—look at that ticket! (*Holds it off at arm's length, while RENARD peers at it.*) I know it is the balcony—because it's green—but tell me, what's the number—careful, now—the seat number—don't make a mistake!

RENARD. It says—C.

CRAIG. I knew it—but the seat number, Joe, the seat number!

RENARD. Fourteen—14!

CRAIG. (*In a final burst of laughter*) I knew it—I knew it! My own theatre, my own show, and she sends me the only seat in the house behind a post! (*Sits, weak with laughter, but he is midway between mirth and breaking down. RENARD sees the joke; begins to laugh.*)

CURTAIN

ACT III

SCENE I—*The dressing-room at the Fifty-first Street Theatre.*

It is the star's dressing-room, set in the c. of the stage with black drops on each side. It is set on casters, or so it can be struck very quickly. The entrance is in the c. back. There is a door off L. leading to another dressing-room. Beside the dressing-table there is a screen across one corner; back of this hang APRIL'S costumes, etc.

The action begins at the end of the Second Act. The lights before the dressing-table are blazing; there are flowers in the room, a profusion of them.

The MAID is busy about the dressing-table; from off stage comes the muffled applause; the MAID stops, listens, then goes to door and opens it. The applause grows louder. She closes the door and hurries on with her business of getting ready for the change. She is much busier now, for APRIL will be coming in a moment.

When APRIL does not appear the MAID rather subsides; she cannot understand this delay. She goes to the door, opens it and is met by another burst of applause. This rather astonishes her. She goes back, tries to busy herself, expecting APRIL any moment; she is slightly concerned now. She goes to the door again—another burst of applause as she opens the door. Then

she begins to preen herself; she is a little strutting; she is again busying herself about nothing when the door bursts open and

APRIL enters. *She shuts door behind her and starts across to the dressing-table. The MAID follows her. As the MAID starts to take off something, APRIL flings her hands aside.*

There is a knock at door. MAID goes to answer. Enter MAID. People passing door. "Yes, right in there." USHER enters, talks to MAID.

APRIL. What did the usher say?

MAID. He said nobody occupied the seat!

APRIL. Go tell Mr. Bean I want to see him!

MAID. But—— (*Seeing anger of APRIL, she starts toward door.*)

APRIL. (*Seeing note on dressing-table*) What's this?

MAID. (*Gives note to APRIL*) It was just sent back. He is waiting for a reply.

APRIL. (*Takes note and begins to read*) Is Mr. Quail there—himself? (*MAID nods "yes."*) Well, tell him I have another engagement. He knows that! Tell Dudley—I mean Mr. Quail—I can't possibly see him, and explain again I'm going to supper with the author. And—and—oh, tell him to call me at my hotel to-morrow—or the day after—I don't care! But first I want to see Bean! (*MAID starts to exit.*) Jean! (*MAID stops at door.*) Has any other note come for me?

MAID. No, Mam'selle, but——

APRIL. Jean, will you go!

(*MAID exits. APRIL goes to dressing-table; picks up a bundle of notes, telegrams, etc., begins to look them over hastily. While this is happening, we hear off stage the voices of MAID and RENARD, as RENARD begins excitedly to tell her*

about the great success. APRIL looks up annoyed, then crosses swiftly as the voice continues, and speaks sharply.)

APRIL. Jean——

MAID. (*Off stage*) Right away, Miss Blair!

(*There is a knock at the door.*)

APRIL. (*Tense; turns*) Come in! (RENARD, *resplendent in evening clothes, comes in. He is full of suppressed emotion, and is taking off his white gloves.*) Oh, you! What do you want?

RENARD. What do I want? I want to kiss your hand! And——

APRIL. (*Holding her hand out*) All right, Joe, kiss it!

RENARD. (*As he takes her hand*) April, what is the matter?

APRIL. Joe, don't sympathize with me—I'll go mad or something! Leave me alone!

RENARD. You want me to go away?

APRIL. Yes! (RENARD *starts for door.*) No, Joe, don't go! Stay! Please stay! Only don't talk—and don't ask questions!

RENARD. (*Mollified*) Oh! So the nerves—they are like a fringe!

APRIL. Joe, are there any extras out?

RENARD. Extras? Extras? Oh, April, you are a funny girl. Do you think that they get out a special newspaper for your opening? No, no! Like the other poor people, you will have to wait until you get to the party.

APRIL. I'm not going to the party!

RENARD. But see here, April, you *must* go to this party. The author is giving it for you! You want to see him, eh?

APRIL. No! If he hasn't enough interest to come to his own show—to make himself known—I don't

care anything about him! He can stay a mystery!

RENARD. But you *must*!

APRIL. No, I'm not going! Joe, have you—
(*Knock at the door.*) Come in! (MAID enters.)
Well, where's Mr. Bean?

MAID. They telephoned him—he was with the author. He will come back at once!

APRIL. I didn't tell you to telephone! I told you to get him! What's—

RENARD. April!

APRIL. I'm sorry—I didn't mean— (*Knock on door. MAID exits.*) Come in! (BEAN enters; he is in evening clothes, busy and harrassed.)

BEAN. Well, well, now that you're a celebrity, I suppose— (*He is in bubbling spirits.*)

APRIL. Have you been out in front all evening?

BEAN. Have I?

APRIL. In the balcony?

BEAN. Both of them—and they're crazy about—

APRIL. That seat—you know, the one you had to "steal" for me—

BEAN. Sure!

APRIL. Find out if anyone occupied it!

(RENARD looks up and begins to take a great interest.)

BEAN. Find out? Come, April, we'll be ringing up on the act in ten minutes. You've got 'em going—and if we make 'em wait—

APRIL. They'll wait all night if you don't find out about that seat! Ask the ushers, or the people in the next seats—anything—I don't care!

BEAN. Now, don't fret! I'll find out—if it'll do any good.

APRIL. He wasn't there in the first act. (BEAN crosses to RENARD, *ad lib.*) Find out if he's been there at all—and hurry!

BEAN. I'm hurrying! Joe, it was great! (*Ad lib.*)

APRIL. (*Comes to door*) Manny—will you please go?

BEAN. I'm on my way! (*Exits.*)

RENARD. (*Looks at his watch, listens out the door*) Well, I guess I go pretty quick, too.

APRIL. Please stay! Don't leave me!

RENARD. No! I got to walk—the nerves—they jump!

APRIL. (*Crosses to table and sits, begins to do something*) Could anything have happened to him?

RENARD. I don't know.

APRIL. An accident! He may be in a hospital! Or—dead—Joe! dead! Maybe the *police* . . .

RENARD. Here, here, April—don't take on like this!

APRIL. I can't help it! Oh, why didn't he come—or send some message?

RENARD. Didn't he?

APRIL. Not a word!

RENARD. That's funny, I should think he would. Why, when I saw him——

APRIL. Saw him? Oh, Joe, why didn't you tell me instead of letting me worry to death?

RENARD. Why, I thought you knew. He applauded louder than anybody else in the house.

APRIL. *Edgar?*

RENARD. No. *Dudley!*

APRIL. Oh, what do I care about Dudley! You knew I meant Edgar all the time! He didn't send a note—not a flower! Everybody remembered—even Mr. Prentice, but not Edgar! What's become of him?

RENARD. (*Shrugs his shoulders*) How should I know? I haven't seen him since the day we came back from Stamford.

APRIL. Why not?

RENARD. Too busy! How can I be successful, the great Joe Renard, and have time to——

APRIL. Shame, Joe!

RENARD. When did *you* see him last?

APRIL. (*Subsides*) Why, it was the same day—but you—you must have seen him—you live with him!

RENARD. You bet I've seen him—every day. I don't forget! I stick until this morning.

APRIL. What happened this morning?

RENARD. He go away! (*Sits.*)

APRIL. Where?

RENARD. Why should I tell you? Why this sudden interest?

APRIL. Joe, if you know, tell me! Don't let me suffer!

RENARD. Suffer! You suffer! What about? What do you care where he is? You're famous—you'll be successful and rich!

APRIL. Where is he?

RENARD. You'll have a hundred men ready to go to hell for you . . .

APRIL. Oh! Listen to that!

RENARD. Rich men, clever men, bad men—and good men! Suffer? You'll forget—him and me—and the *home*—because you don't care!

APRIL. I do care, Joe—I do!

RENARD. Then you've kept it pretty well hidden under your indifference.

APRIL. Indifference? What do you mean?

RENARD. Well, then, neglect! Do you understand that?

APRIL. I—neglect?

RENARD. Yes, neglect! You've tossed him off like an old shoe!

APRIL. Does he think that?

RENARD. He knows it! He came out of that Home to make you happy, and he did!

APRIL. Yes, Joe, he did!

RENARD. Until you passed him, and then——
(*Sits on sofa.*)

APRIL. Joe, if you have any feeling for me—
stop! Just tell me where he is! (*Leaning her head
against his.*) Have a little pity—you're not the old
Joe!

RENARD. And you're not the old April! She
changed!

APRIL. Where is he?

RENARD. Well, he tried to make you happy—and
he failed!

APRIL. No, he didn't fail—he didn't fail!

RENARD. He thinks he did, so he's gone back to
the Home!

APRIL. (*Starting up*) Back to the Home?
(*Knock at the door.*) Come in. (BEAN enters.)
Well——

BEAN. The seat's empty! Somebody turned the
ticket in to the box office at nine o'clock.

APRIL. (*Walking rapidly to R. door*) I knew it!
Jean! Jean! Get me my street hat and coat!

BEAN. Street hat? Say, what's——

RENARD. April! What are you going to do?

APRIL. There is a train leaving Grand Central
at half-past ten—and I'm going to be on it! (*Exits
into room. RENARD and BEAN stare at each other.*)

BEAN. Train? My God, where are you going?

APRIL. (*Off stage*) You ought to know! Where
you both came from—the Prentice Home!

BEAN. (*To RENARD*) In the name of God,
what's the matter?

RENARD. It's my fault—my fault. Get Prentice,
quick! He's the only man who can stop her!
(*Pushes BEAN toward the door. BEAN tries to ask
a question.*) Hurry! (*Pushes BEAN out. Turns.*)

(APRIL enters, dragging a cape in one hand, her hat in the other. RENARD backs against the door. APRIL stops when she sees she cannot pass him.)

APRIL. Don't stop me——

RENARD. April, think a minute!

APRIL. Stand away from that door—Renard!

RENARD. (*Hurt*) Renard? April, the curtain will go up in five minutes!

APRIL. In five minutes I'll be on my way!

RENARD. But think of the play!

APRIL. What do I care for the play?

RENARD. Think of your success!

APRIL. Success! Do you call this success? A moment ago you said I wasn't the old April. You were right! But I'm the old April now! It's happiness I want, and it's happiness I am going to go after! Get out of my way!

RENARD. Wait, April—and I'll tell you! Edgar Craig is——

(APRIL flings RENARD aside and pulls the door open, then steps back amazed. CRAIG, dressed faultlessly in evening clothes, stands in the doorway, BEAN peering over his shoulder. APRIL stands for a second as her cape and hat fall unnoticed to the floor. This holds until APRIL changes and, almost childish, says)

APRIL. And you got *all that* for fifty dollars!

(Takes him in from the head to foot, then almost timidly, as though wanting to make sure he is not an apparition, goes up to him, almost touches him, then holds out both hands. He holds out his hands. She takes them and pulls him into the room. They advance as RENARD comes

down behind them. APRIL and CRAIG are too engrossed in each other to notice.)

CRAIG. (*Smiles at her*) Don't you think you'd better be getting—— (*Takes out watch and looks at it during speech.*)

APRIL. (*Puts her hands on his shoulders and forces him down into seat*) Yes—I'll hurry—I'll be ready—they won't have to wait for me, because everything is all right—*now!* (*Turns toward table.*)

CRAIG. (*Starts to rise*) Then perhaps I'd better——

APRIL. (*Turns and sits him down again*) Sit right where you are! I don't go on for fifteen minutes, and I'm all ready except for changing my dress.

CRAIG. Well, in that case——

APRIL. (*Gazing about and noticing a screen in the room*) We can fix it in just a minute. Now, you sit there and we will put this—(*Indicating the screen*)—right like this. *Now——* (*Goes to table, gets busy, MAID adjusting the gown.*) I can't understand why they don't let the Fifth Avenue busses run through the Park! But of course they'd have to trim so many of the trees or make everybody ride inside. But it would be wonderful! Don't you think—Edgar? I was thinking that we ought to go to the seashore this next summer——

CRAIG. Well, you are the most remarkable girl I ever met in all my life! If this were my opening, I certainly wouldn't be able to talk about busses and seashores!

APRIL. Well, what can we talk about?

CRAIG. *You!* You're a sensation—absolutely!

APRIL. How do you know?

CRAIG. Why, I was the first one in the theatre to-night!

APRIL. (*With sudden exasperation*) Oh, you

make me so—so exasperated! Why didn't you sit in the seat I gave you instead of—— Where did you sit?

CRAIG. Some friends coaxed me into a box.

APRIL. Which one—the one with three ladies and the two men? (CRAIG *nods*.) Yes—I suppose that was much nicer; but just the same, I wish you had taken the seat I gave you. Then I wouldn't have become so temperamental.

CRAIG. You—temperamental?

APRIL. Yes. It's wonderful—gets you anything you want!

CRAIG. And what, might I ask, did you so specially want?

APRIL. Edgar, I wish you'd give up trying to understand me, and* just——

CRAIG. Just what?

APRIL. Just think I'm the most——

CRAIG. Wonderful girl in the world!

APRIL. That's it—but I don't want you to say it just now!

CRAIG. All right—but after the theatre to-night.

APRIL. (*Slumps in her chair*) Now I'm unhappy again!

CRAIG. What's wrong now?

APRIL. Well, to-night I have to go—— (*Stops as she has an idea.*) Edgar, do something for me?

CRAIG. Anything!

APRIL. Remember how we used to go out late some nights and go to Childs?

EDGAR. Sort of good old days' idea, eh?

APRIL. Yes! Now, after the show, meet me down at the corner—don't wait at the stage door because I'm not coming out that way—and we'll go to Childs—just you and I. (*Knock on the door.*) Yes!

BEAN. Curtain's up, April!

APRIL. Call me in time, Manny.

BEAN. All right!

CRAIG. But, April, you're going to a party!
(APRIL looks at him—how did he know? Quickly)
So—Joe said!

APRIL. Given by the author. (*Makes a grimace.*)
Whom I don't know and don't care to know.

CRAIG. Don't say that!

APRIL. I can see him now! I suppose he'll pat me on the cheek and call me "little girl," and tell me how *lucky* I am to have him notice me. (*Rises and mimics him.*) But what do I care? You liked me, didn't you?

CRAIG. Like you!

APRIL. And I pleased you, didn't I? Tell me!

CRAIG. You *did*!

APRIL. Then what do I care what the author says!
And we're going to Childs—we're going to Childs!

CRAIG. No! You must go to the party!

APRIL. I won't!

CRAIG. Haven't you any curiosity?

APRIL. Yes! I want to see what Childs is like
—on an opening night!

CRAIG. But——

APRIL. Childs!

CRAIG. Now, listen!

APRIL. Childs!

CRAIG. But suppose——

APRIL. Childs!

CRAIG. Wait a minute! Suppose I couldn't go
to Childs—to-night?

APRIL. I understand! The ~~third~~ woman in the
box!

CRAIG. No!

APRIL. I see! Somebody else—some other lady!

CRAIG. Well, since you must know—I'm going
to that party!

APRIL. *You!* Oh, Edgar! But how?

CRAIG. In my little old fifty-dollar suit! I've

never told you, but the author is one of my friends. I hope you will like him; he is a very clever chap, and I'm very fond of him!

APRIL. Isn't that wonderful! All right, I'll go to this party, on one condition—you must take me!

CRAIG. But Joe's going to do that!

APRIL. I want to go with you!

CRAIG. No, you *must* go with Joe!

APRIL. *Must I?* (CRAIG *nods.*) Well, then, that's settled! But just the same, you're not keeping your promise!

CRAIG. Promise—what promise? I've kept every promise I ever made you, and every one I've made to myself about you!

APRIL. I know you've done all that, and I'm very, very happy! But I wasn't a while ago. To-night I wrote *me*—a new *me*—a letter. Want to read it? I was going to mail it after the show.

CRAIG. May I? (*Takes letter and reads*) "Dear Me: Of course I wish you every success to-night; but I ask you, as me to myself, do you deserve it? You're selfish, April Blair, selfish! P. S.—'He travels fastest who travels alone,' but I don't want to travel alone—I'm not in a hurry. Disgustedly, Myself." (APRIL *tears up letter.*) Don't do that!

APRIL. That's one letter I'll never keep because just now I'm disgustedly happy!

CRAIG. Well, that's something!

APRIL. Haven't you been happy?

CRAIG. Why, yes, of course I have!

APRIL. Look up at me, Edgar. (*Lifts his face.*) You aren't happy!

CRAIG. Oh, yes, I am, April, in a way! The way of a million others. You see them on the streets, or in their automobiles, or the subway. They have everything the other fellow has, but they've *just missed!* I'm like that—I've just missed!

APRIL. Couldn't you tell Doctor Blair what you've missed?

CRAIG. April!

APRIL. (*Puts out her hands*) I love you, Edgar Craig!

CRAIG. (*Rises, electrified, as he sees in her eyes that she loves him. Then he pushes her hands back.*) Say that again.

APRIL. I love you!

CRAIG. No—all of it!

APRIL. I love you, Edgar Craig!

(CRAIG is about to take her in his arms when BEAN enters.)

BEAN. Say, if you're not on there in a minute you'll make a stage wait.

CRAIG. (*Without releasing APRIL*) Let me worry about that!

BEAN. But, Mr. Craig—— (*Looks at him, amazed.*)

CRAIG. And if you don't get out of here I'll fire you! (BEAN bolts.) *Darling!*

CURTAIN

SCENE II

The reception-hall of EDGAR PRENTICE'S apartment in East Sixtieth Street.

Entrance down L. leading to the private elevator entrance; back C. a wide doorway to dining-room, with doors. On the R. high window, from floor to ceiling, to give somewhat the effect of a studio apartment. The furnishings are of the finest, not extravagant, but those of a bachelor whose taste is excellent.

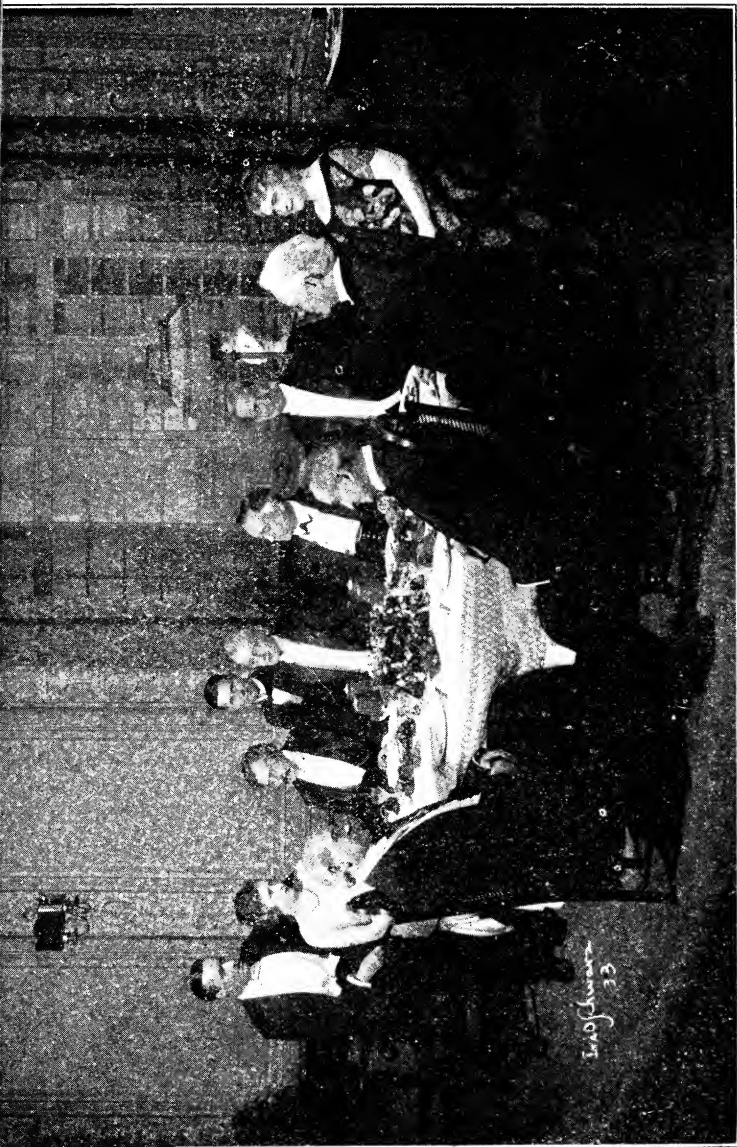
AT RISE: *The table is set and brilliantly lighted; an overhead dome light, also the reception-hall is well lighted. Everything is cheery and ready for the party. In the room on back wall L. is the portrait of AMOS PRENTICE which we saw over the fireplace at the Home. The floral decorations are generous and are of geraniums.*

Large library desk L., with paper and writing materials. Photo of PRENTICE on R. end of desk. Chair at L. and back. Armchair R. on stage. Piano up back at R. Consol table R. with box of geraniums from ACT I.

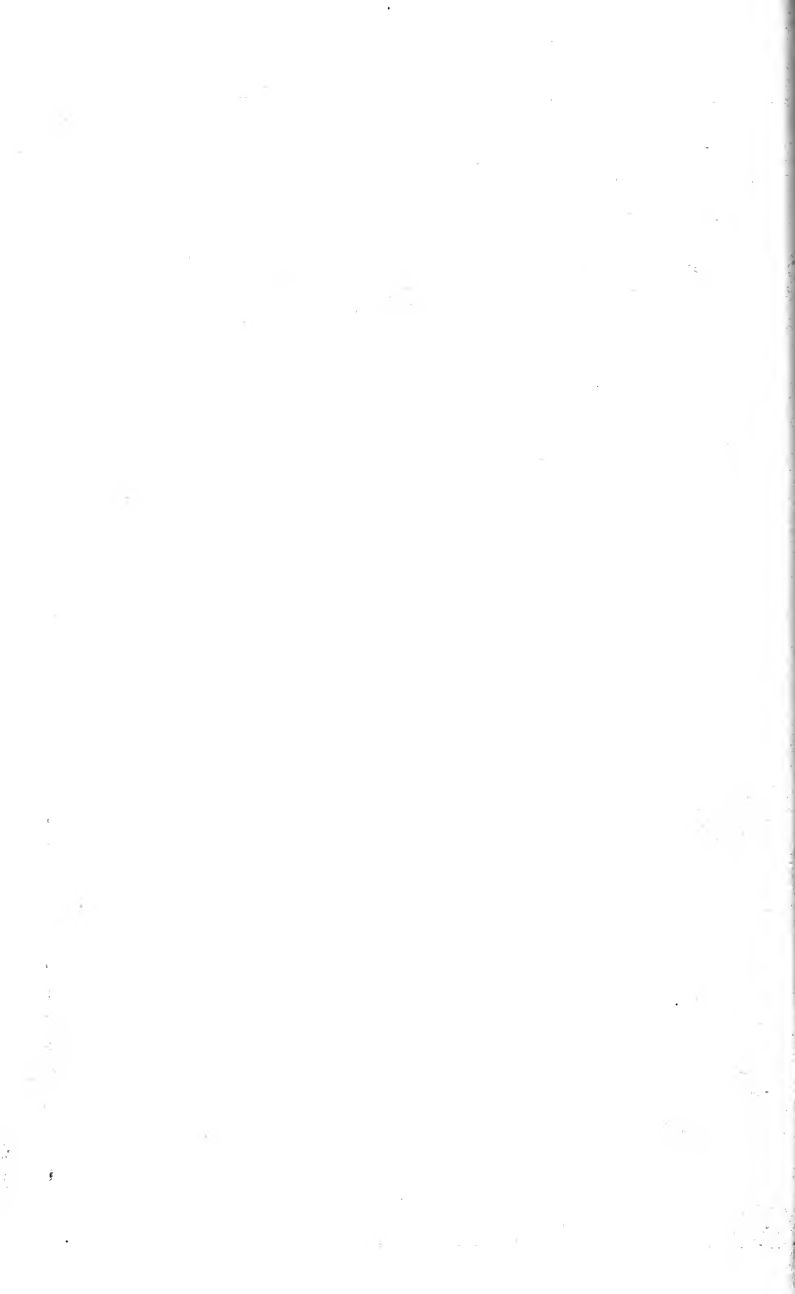
As lights go up, CRAIG and CLARENCE are at the table, CLARENCE making a finishing touch here and there. CRAIG looks up at the portrait, straightens it, then turns.)

CRAIG. Clarence, I think I heard the elevator door.

(CLARENCE comes out of dining-room, exits R.
CRAIG comes down into the room. PECK and BEAN stick their heads in from hall.)



Indefinite
33



BEAN. May we come in—am I forgiven?

CRAIG. Come in—glad to see you!

(PECK and BEAN, in fine evening clothes, enter.
Bus. shaking hands, etc., during the following.)

BEAN. Is she here yet—are we in time?

CRAIG. Plenty of time, gentlemen! Will you have a slight sniffer?

PECK. Not for me. What an exquisite room, Edgar. I could get inspiration here. (*Looks around room.*)

CRAIG. Help yourself—take all the inspiration you want! And how is the rising architect?

PECK. Wonderful! Frightfully busy, though! Didn't know how I was going to make it to-night, but I wouldn't have missed it if Yonkers never got a new City Hall!

CRAIG. City Hall?

PECK. Certainly! You must have heard. But tell me about April!

BEAN. She was to-night what her name implies—a breath of Spring! And yet, as I sat and watched her, she took me back to the Home.

PECK. Well, I'm glad you went alone! (*Closing of elevator can be heard.*) I've never forgotten what she said. Remember, Craig and Bean?

BEAN. If I ever forget—I'll fail again!

PECK. "God or somebody put you on earth to do something, but you cheated him and didn't do it."

(LAWTON and TURNER enter.)

BEAN. Why, even now I blush when I remember it.

LAWTON. Hello, boys, are we tardy?

CRAIG. Lawton! And Turner—congratulations on your new book! This is wonderful—and look-

ing like a million dollars! (*Shakes hands, as do BEAN and PECK. BEAN grabs onto TURNER and they start away.*)

PECK. I've just finished reading your book. My word, Turner, I haven't ridden in the subway for the last month but what every shop-girl has had a copy!

CRAIG. (*Talking with LAWTON and PECK*) It's a fine book, but I must say, Turner, you did us a mean trick!

BEAN. Putting us all in a book that way!

TURNER. I have hit the happy recipe for a successful novel—make fun of your friends!

CRAIG. Yes, but have you seen Oglevie since the book was published?

TURNER. Good Lord, *no!* Not to speak to! But I've ducked into several basements when I saw him coming.

CRAIG. (*To LAWTON*) We may have some fireworks, then, when Oglevie arrives . . .

LAWTON. It will make us all homesick if those two get at it. But let me congratulate you, man. It was wonderful! And April! She is superb! Oh, when I think how she has gotten back at us—many people have a theory about life, but few can prove it!

CRAIG. Oh, I don't know—you seem to be proving her theory—to judge from the crowd I saw around the statue the other day.

LAWTON. Did you read what the critics had to say?

CRAIG. I certainly did, and I congratulate you!

OGLEVIE. (*Off stage*) Wait here, and I shall return anon. (*OGLEVIE enters, looks all around, sees everybody but TURNER. He is the soul of affluence and pomposity. To LAWTON and others*) Ah, gentlemen, what a climax to a wonderful evening! (*Turning to CRAIG*) Coming from a cheerful

theatre—and now to find myself surrounded by the warmth and prosperity of my intimates who have shared happy days with all thoughts of the past driven from our memory, and now—— (*Sees TURNER crouching behind the rest.*) And now—— (*Walks over toward TURNER.*)

TURNER. Hello, Ogie!

OGLEVIE. Not so many days ago I read a book, written by one *Turner*—— (*He looks toward the door.*) In it I discovered a character—fat, puffy, a veritable buffoon—in which my friends detected a vulgar attempt to caricature none other than myself.

CRAIG. Why, you don't mean the bold duffer in *Turner's* book? Why, you couldn't suppose that was meant to be you——

OGLEVIE. No, indeed. I—could see *nothing* similar!

CRAIG. But there, what's a book among cronies!

OGLEVIE. Quite right! Come to my arms, *Turner*! I'm glad to see you—prospering so—— (*Starts over to the men, scattering cheers and ad lib. his greetings. CRAIG looks at his watch.*)

PECK. But, Oglevie, tell us about yourself—we have had our little meetings, Craig and the rest of us . . .

LAWTON. How do you come by this look of prosperity—what success has befallen you?

CRAIG. Pardon me, just a moment!

OGLEVIE. Certainly, dear fellow. (*CRAIG exits.*)

MRS. CARNEY. (*Off stage*) Oh, Mr. Prentice! Is April, the dear little thing, here yet?

PECK. I knew it! I can never forget that voice!

LAWTON. Mrs. Carney! What's she doing here?

TURNER. The skeleton of the feast!

BEAN. It's an ambush! (*They all talk ad lib.*)

OGLEVIE. *Cease! Gentlemen!* Remember, we are guests!

LAWTON. That won't be any protection!

OGLEVIE. Stop, I tell you! (MRS. CARNEY enters. OGLEVIE crosses to her and in honeyed manner takes her hand and grandly turns to the others.) Gentlemen—my wife! (TURNER sits in chair R.C. All stand, embarrassed and uncertain.)

MRS. CARNEY. Why, Turner—Peck—Lawton! Manny! How do you do?

BEAN. How do you do, Rosie!

MRS. CARNEY. This is amazing! How well you all look! (All gather around her ad lib.)

LAWTON. (Crossing to her) No, Mrs. Carney, ah, hm! Mrs. C. Oglevie—how well you look . . .

MRS. CARNEY. Thank you! (Crosses ad lib.)

LAWTON. Oglevie, you always were a lucky dog! (Coughs, shakes hands.)

(Enter CRAIG, also CLARENCE, who serves cocktails and exits.)

OGLEVIE. That's right, Lawton, cough. Now I feel perfectly at home!

MRS. CARNEY. Wilbur will have his little joke!

OGLEVIE. (With much affection) Moonbeam!

CRAIG. Before we have supper, I'd like to say just a word, if you don't mind. I want you to drink a toast—to that old man—(Points to portrait)—and I'm going to explain how I'd like to have you feel when you drink it. He died unhappy because I was a fool—because I failed in a boyish ambition and hid away to protect my pride. To my memory he founded the Home, and in his memory I have destroyed it, with the help of April. I don't know whether he knows anything about what we've done, but if he does I want you all to hope it quiets his soul. To my Daddy! (They all drink. CLARENCE enters.)

CLARENCE. Mr. Prentice, Miss April and Mr. Joe!

CRAIG. She doesn't know you are all here—I want to surprise her!

MRS. CARNEY. Wasn't she wonderful to-night? But then, she always did everything right!

CRAIG. Yes, yes! I want you all to hide in that room, and we'll surprise her! (*All together in doorway and talk.*) Now, keep quiet, or it won't be any surprise at all. Ssh!

OGLEVIE. And, Lawton, don't cough!

(*CRAIG goes in and closes door behind him. Enter APRIL and RENARD. She looks at room, crosses and sits at R., then sees geraniums, starts back L., sees picture over door c., then picture on table, picks it up, looks at both, then sits and writes, reading same as she writes.*)

APRIL.

"DEAR ME:

"I take my pen in hand to ask you how you could be so stupid, so blind and so selfish.

"Sadly,

"JUST ME."

"P. S. I want to thank the author for all he has done for me!" (*LAWTON coughs off stage.*)

OGLEVIE. (*Off stage*) Shut up!

CRAIG. (*Off stage*) Ssh!

(*APRIL goes to door; as she gets there the door is opened. CRAIG enters, goes down L. Others enter and take APRIL down stage L. and to C. Ad lib. OGLEVIE comes down C. MRS. CARNEY down R.C. APRIL has her back to them.*)

OGLEVIE. April!

APRIL. Why, Mr. Oglevie!

OGLEVIE. April—my wife! (*APRIL turns R.*)

MRS. CARNEY. (*Takes APRIL in her arms*) Oh, April!

(*APRIL almost collapses. All talk ad lib. CRAIG takes APRIL R., kisses her. CLARENCE enters.*)

CLARENCE. Supper is served! (*All cross and sit at table.*)

OGLEVIE. (*After all are seated*) I want my coffee!

MRS. CARNEY. All right, angel, you'll get your coffee! (*Song starts, piano.*) Listen—why, that's the song April sang to-night. Sing it again, won't you, dearie?

OGLEVIE. Yes, won't you, dearie?

ALL. Yes, dearie!

(*APRIL sings.*)

FINIS

BILLETED.

A comedy in 3 acts, by F. Tennison Jesse and H. Harwood. 4 males, 5 females. One easy interior scene. A charming comedy, constructed with uncommon skill, and abounds with clever lines. Margaret Anglin's big success. Amateurs will find this comedy easy to produce and popular with all audiences. Price, 60 Cents.

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.

A comedy in 3 acts. By James Montgomery. 5 males, 6 females. Costumes, modern. Two interior scenes. Plays $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

Is it possible to tell the absolute truth—even for twenty-four hours? It is—at least Bob Bennett, the hero of "Nothing But the Truth," accomplished the feat. The bet he made with his business partners, and the trouble he got into—with his partners, his friends, and his fiancée—this is the subject of William Collier's tremendous comedy hit. "Nothing But the Truth" can be whole-heartedly recommended as one of the most sprightly, amusing and popular comedies that this country can boast. Price, 60 Cents.

IN WALKED JIMMY.

A comedy in 4 acts, by Minnie Z. Jaffa. 10 males, 2 females (although any number of males and females may be used as clerks, etc.). Two interior scenes. Costumes, modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours. The thing into which Jimmy walked was a broken-down shoe factory, when the clerks had all been fired, and when the proprietor was in serious contemplation of suicide.

Jimmy, nothing else but plain Jimmy, would have been a mysterious figure had it not been for his matter-of-fact manner, his smile and his everlasting humanness. He put the shoe business on its feet, won the heart of the girl clerk, saved her erring brother from jail, escaped that place as a permanent boarding house himself, and foiled the villain.

Clean, wholesome comedy with just a touch of human nature, just a dash of excitement and more than a little bit of true philosophy make "In Walked Jimmy" one of the most delightful of plays. Jimmy is full of the religion of life, the religion of happiness and the religion of helpfulness, and he so permeates the atmosphere with his "religion" that everyone is happy. The spirit of optimism, good cheer, and hearty laughter dominates the play. There is not a dull moment in any of the four acts. We strongly recommend it.

Price, 60 Cents.

MARTHA BY-THE-DAY.

An optimistic comedy in three acts, by Julie M. Lippmann, author of the "Martha" stories. 5 males, 5 females. Three interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

It is altogether a gentle thing, this play. It is full of quaint humor, old-fashioned, homely sentiment, the kind that people who see the play will recall and chuckle over to-morrow and the next day.

Miss Lippmann has herself adapted her very successful book for stage service, and in doing this has selected from her novel the most telling incidents, infectious comedy and homely sentiment for the play, and the result is thoroughly delightful. Price, 60 Cents.

(The Above Are Subject to Royalty When Produced)

SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th Street, New York City
Now and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request

THE REJUVENATION OF AUNT MARY.

The famous comedy in three acts, by Anne Warner. 7 males, 6 females. Three interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours.

This is a genuinely funny comedy with splendid parts for "Aunt Mary," "Jack," her lively nephew; "Lucinda," a New England ancient maid of all work; "Jack's" three chums; the Girl "Jack" loves; "Joshua," Aunt Mary's hired man, etc.

"Aunt Mary" was played by May Robson in New York and on tour for over two years, and it is sure to be a big success wherever produced. We strongly recommend it. Price, 60 Cents.

MRS. BUMSTEAD-LEIGH.

A pleasing comedy, in three acts, by Harry James Smith, author of "The Tailor-Made Man." 6 males, 6 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours.

Mr. Smith chose for his initial comedy the complications arising from the endeavors of a social climber to land herself in the altitude peopled by hyphenated names—a theme permitting innumerable complications, according to the spirit of the writer.

This most successful comedy was toured for several seasons by Mrs. Fiske with enormous success. Price, 60 Cents.

MRS. TEMPLE'S TELEGRAM.

A most successful farce in three acts, by Frank Wyatt and William Morris. 5 males, 4 females. One interior scene stands throughout the three acts. Costumes modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

"Mrs. Temple's Telegram" is a sprightly farce in which there is an abundance of fun without any taint of impropriety or any element of offence. As noticed by Sir Walter Scott, "Oh, what a tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive."

There is not a dull moment in the entire farce, and from the time the curtain rises until it makes the final drop the fun is fast and furious. A very exceptional farce. Price, 60 Cents.

THE NEW CO-ED.

A comedy in four acts, by Marie Doran, author of "Tempest and Sunshine," etc. Characters, 4 males, 7 females, though any number of boys and girls can be introduced in the action of the play. One interior and one exterior scene, but can be easily played in one interior scene. Costumes modern. Time, about 2 hours.

The theme of this play is the coming of a new student to the college, her reception by the scholars, her trials and final triumph.

There are three especially good girls' parts, Letty, Madge and Estelle, but the others have plenty to do. "Punch" Doolittle and George Washington Watts, a gentleman of color, are two particularly good comedy characters. We can strongly recommend "The New Co-Ed" to high schools and amateurs. Price, 30 Cents.

(The Above Are Subject to Royalty When Produced)

SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th Street, New York City
New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request

The Charm School

A fascinating comedy in three acts by Alice Duer Miller and Robert Milton. 6 males, 10 females. (May be played by 5 males and 8 females). Any number of school girls may be used in the ensembles. Scenes, two interiors. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours.

The story of "The Charm School" is familiar to Mrs. Miller's readers. It relates the adventures of a handsome young automobile salesman scarcely out of his teens who, upon inheriting a girl's boarding school from a maiden aunt, insists on running it himself, according to his own ideas, chief of which is, by the way, that the dominant feature in the education of the young girl of today should be CHARM.

The situations that arise are teeming with humor—clean, wholesome humor. In the end the young man gives up the school and promises to wait until the most precocious of his pupils reaches a marriageable age.

"The Charm School" has the freshness of youth, the inspiration of an extravagant but novel idea, the charm of originality, and the promise of wholesome, sanely amusing, pleasant entertainment. We strongly recommend it for high school production.

"The Charm School" was first produced at the Bijou Theatre, New York, and then toured the country. Two companies are now playing it in England. Price, 75 cents.

Daddy Long-Legs

A charming comedy in four acts, by Jean Webster. The full cast calls for 6 males, 7 females and 6 orphans, but the play, by the easy doubling of some of the characters may be played by 4 males, 4 females and three orphans. The orphans appear only in the first act and may be played by small girls of any age. Four easy interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

The New York Times reviewer, on the morning following the Broadway production, wrote the following comment:

"If you will take your pencil and write down, one below the other, the words delightful, charming, sweet, beautiful and entertaining, and then draw a line and add them up, the answer will be 'Daddy Long-Legs.' To that result you might even add brilliant, pathetic and humorous, but the answer even then would be just what it was before—the play which Miss Jean Webster has made from her book, 'Daddy Long-Legs,' and which was presented at the Gaiety last night. To attempt to describe the simplicity and beauty of 'Daddy Long-Legs' would be like attempting to describe the first breath of Spring after an exceedingly tiresome and hard Winter."

"Daddy Long-Legs" enjoyed a two-years' run in New York and was then toured for over three years, and is now published in play form for the first time.

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